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THE

TheatreAustralia

Hayes Gordon in *Annie*
Playscript: Pandora's Cross
New York Theatre
Mick Rodger

Comprehensive Review Section
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Guide.



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Theatre

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COMMENT

At the time of writing the Tote overseas version announced on August 13th a comment meeting is scheduled, and in the meantime will be in some degree settled before Tote appears in Australia, and with continuing on the options and implications for the future which spread further than the life in death of one company.

The Australian Council were being aware of they thought their decision to cease funding would be a quick and silent death blow. The Tote are determined no fight, they have too much at stake to give in quietly. The State Government are the issue in an increasingly ugly situation and have reason to be pulled both ways. But if the Tote managers to stage a costly and publicised exit of the contract, it will in effect certainty be a reduced level of subsidy, and the options remaining open to them will be limited.

One of the reasons the Australian Council won't happy about placing in most thousands of dollars in '91 was the decreasing return offered for the taxpayer. Although Robert Heppenham says he has not worked on next year's programme, this application was for only eight productions over the year, but an increase in funding request, presumably to some not yet to change their present office. Unofficial sources say it is this other application would have received far greater sympathy if negotiations with John Bell had been successful. Bell is used to working with comparatively minuscule budgets, (as a look at though Heppenham's negotiations with Peter Hall and Katharine Hepburn team of world theatre?) will have to be curtailed.

Such reductions would not seem to require let alone justify, the ongoing costs of *The Phoenix*. One of the NSW Government's considerations must be maintaining the success of this Open House Drama Theatre, for which the Tote previously put a quarter of a million dollars in now. No move now would be an obvious way to cut down the theatre's company's spending but then earlier residence, the Phoenix, no longer seems suited to return to. The University of New South Wales, the owners of the house, are finally getting advice about the current occupation of the premises at a reported cost of \$1.5m. Tote questions have been asked at the highest level, and members of the Drama Department demonstrated outside the opening of *The Phoenix*.

If it is the State Government who again fails to find the stockholders, the Tote will almost certainly have to raise up in their Drama Theatre. There, of course, there are no audience room or workshop facilities of present available on them, so the administrative heart of the company, the booking at Q Theatre Street, Alexandria, will have to remain. It was partly this sort of capital expenditure and the top-heavy structure that is popular that took the Tote relatively to its present heights.

But the Tote has shown an openness to reform, the measures demanded by the Australian Council. Much attention of board director, manager, producer and Wright as artistic director have all been carried out despite an apparently contentious attitude. As yet the Theatre Board seems a little unconvincingly waiting the company will not "strange to see that the Tote programme under the leadership of an outstanding artistic director", so surely a more conservative move would be to fund at

some level in conjunction with further reform negotiations. Clearly, if the Tote is to continue in any form in the third state company, one of these would have to be the production of Australian plays in association with the Theatre Board's present declared policy. It is indeed representative that the Tote chose to abolish the Seymour Centre, a series of new and Australian work to such web which has caused not to be an appropriate source of choices and a series of web commercial interests.

Not without the advantage of performance — and this measure has never been an apology — the Tote is its established theatre company with a name that is purchased and respected by regular audiences who fill their theatres in high capacity houses. It has been the most expensive theatre in Sydney and is the longest running. One would have thought it very unlikely of present an great subsidy and response to unemployment than perhaps Barbara's Death's Night, which the Australian Council will be funding for major expansion of activity in 1979.

Brian Denney has stated that the money can be kept and elsewhere and that a new company will be set up in conjunction with the NSW Government to discuss alternative ways of producing and funding drama in NSW. But the immediate result will be that Sydney will be left alone to compete the loss a very serious for the already under-employed pool of actors and technicians, and dramatists. The decision of Canterbury City Council to not to have covered Australian Council subsidies across the board and indication not that cuts immediately will be avoided for the arts and play. The cynics suggest that may not be for the Council to balance its budget, but in any case the likelihood of the kind of money required to start a new company being found in the near future is almost non-existent. An place substitute in the Arts, Drama have shown they can't create a new successful company overnight.

The Australian Council have decided that a home has been reached in the offices of the Victorian Casting Company beyond which they may go no further and why that point has been reached appears not to have been properly thought out and clearly not discussed. A theatre company like any company once it reaches a certain level of success has to expand to keep itself going, otherwise decline sets in. The Australian Council have been the means by which the Tote has expanded in its present level and has implicitly continued to expand. The Melbourne Theatre Company has done this, likewise and the State Theatre of South Australia are doing this also with the support and leadership of the Australian Council. What will they go beyond the acceptable level and where is the art next to fall? All over the world the organisations of state theatre companies have been given life by governments, bodies, and they are having strong responsibility for the theatres they have created. The Australian Council must take a deal of responsibility for creating the squeeze profiled at least reduced funding for one theatre a proportion of Australian plays and would enhance a major theatrical organisation out of the few with an international name and allow the field of Australian music that more have reach through all the arts in Australia.

Theatre Australia

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'79 QUOTES & QUERIES



Joan Sutherland in *Aida* at Novena
Photo: William Meesley

OLD FOR NEW

CHRISTOPHER MINTON, Director, Adelaide Festival.

"From my first impressions of Australia and the surfaces which dominate all the cities. This is the prevailing concern between young and old, old and new — a concern that despite its universality, seems to have a far greater significance here than anywhere else I know. It is an obsession, which one can also see in the extension of tradition and progress that I propose to take in the theme for the 1979 Adelaide Festival of Arts. It is a theme that will unify virtually all the arts elements of the Festival and will also invoke and cater for all elements of the community. It is a theme that affects everyone in the community every day. Each of us, after all, has been a child, and hopes to live to old age."

Appearances in the theme may include the fine works of indigenous artists, writers, dramatists etc., presented alongside their western ones. The works of the old and the young, new and old aspects of Australia. The "question" of old age and youth Old and new worked on the theme, including commissioned works.

I will be overseas until mid September. I invite our who and what is available, and hope to have good news on that front when I return."

FRESH START IN NEWCASTLE

ROSS McDONALD, Hunter Valley Theatre Company.

"For me the Hunter Valley Theatre Company

is a new company. What's happened in the past, going over sessions and whatever, is largely irrelevant. There is no company in the moment and won't be until there are actors, a director, stage manager and staff."

The kind of issues I will be putting on will be popular — in other words — broad-based shows about Newcastle and the region to tourists. I'm not aware yet, I was naive, smooth, brighter. There will be a lot of involvement with the community. I will be advertising by all means first in Newcastle — where anyone can come along, although audiences will be stronger — and then in Sydney. I hope to be able to use musicians in the smaller roles, and perhaps for other work. There is an amazing reservoir of support, with six hundred members of the company, and the very generous donations for the theatre building that have come from people and companies. The two hundred seat theatre should be the perfect size, though, but if any of the shows is a huge success we can expand it or transfer it to somewhere larger. The building is now going ahead and the first season will open early in '79."

BIG LITTLE MAN

DAVID ALLEN

"Stan Laurel, the comedian, has always fascinated me. In some persons — he wrote literary — contrasts so very strongly with what one can often hear about his professional drives and his personal relationships. This is the main theme of *Give Him Hardy*.

The play is set against the nostalgic period of Stan's partner Laurel and Hardy days, when, for a time, he worked with an Australian singer and dancer I've called Kate. He tried to show the shade of their needs and interests through the background of their different cultural origins. As a form myself, created text for seven years, I feel this kind of English/Australian cultural encounter particularly interesting — in fact the predominant theme of most of my current work."

"The gross figure of Jack McTavish, the third character in the play, who in some ways acts as a kind of shadow, serves for me all that is crudely everything in the Music Hall industry. He, like Stan, but for different reasons, is a survivor. And it is him."

LA SCALA TO SYDNEY

ANA MUÑOZ, Publicity, Sydney Opera House.

"From August 4th to the end of September we have an exhibition commemorating the 100th Anniversary of La Scala Milan, which will be in the Exhibition Hall of the Opera House. It was

put together by La Scala's Thirteen Museums and is travelling around the world, from here it goes on to America. The Director of La Scala Museums Tom Pava Tatton is coming out here to supervise the mounting of the exhibition which will actually be done by Bill Parkinson."

The exhibition is mainly photographic and contains designs over two hundred years from 1770 on. There aren't any actual costumes but there will be some items and some marvellous posters advertising their operas. So we will be able to set their style and how it has changed over the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth century."

ACME

CAROLINE HEBBORN, Administrator,

"The Australia Contemporary Music Ensemble is now an integral part of Australian musical life. In a short time, under the musical direction of Kevin Macmillan, it has emerged with the Sydney Spring Concert and the Australian Chamber Orchestra, as Australia's leading performing ensemble.

In terms of concerts at the year's Adelaide Festival of the Arts there from local and international crews accolades of praise flooded in these programmes were ten Australian compositions, five of them first performances. The essence of this platform is important, as contemporary composition, particularly Australian works, has lacked a showcase of rhythmic precision. Too often the assumption by the public of 20th century music has been accepted by unsatisfactory performances. The concern that ACME has given has proved that contemporary music expertly performed is not such a problem to audiences.

The Ensemble will operate on a national and international level. Within Australia it will develop a lively repeat programme, together with creative educational projects for primary schools, in tertiary level it will present workshops, lecture demonstrations and public concerts using the best of the 20th century repertoire including Australian compositions. By commissioning an extremely high standard of art in a orchestra, the Ensemble hopes to commission composers to write for the group.

Internationally, ACME plans to undertake one major concert tour a year, introducing non-Australian works to different countries in highly professional performances.

ACME has made one record — produced by Cherry Pie Records — which won the 1978 National Critics Award.

The Australia Contemporary Music Ensemble greatly acknowledges the financial support of the Victorian Ministry for the Arts, and the Major Board of the Australian Council.

DIGESTIBLE WORLD WAR II

RONY WILLIAMS, Stage Door Theatre
Rehearsals in Melbourne.

"The idea of theatre with food has always interested me and suddenly finding myself working in a domestic restaurant situation, I began royal with the idea. I read my partner, Barbara Kennedy, believed that it should be possible to eat and produce a show suitable for a dinner and transform it into a venue where people could enjoy a good meal in a place of wine and of flesh and enjoy a show without having to make from restaurant or theatre. With this in mind we conceived, wrote and produced *Roni McGoodfights Second War*.

After several disappointments we eventually found a venue which, although not ideal for our purpose, had a lot of things in its favour. It was a fairly large function room adjoining The Pottery Restaurant, Queen's Road, Melbourne. The location was ideal, being just on the fringe of the city proper, with plenty of off-street parking, no cars, turbines and light-pollution and noisy families.

Roni McGoodfights Second War is a nostalgic trip through the Second World War period. The show commences with the declaration of war by the then Prime Minister, R G Menzies and through seven sketches, sketches songs and dances, we travel through the war years covering such areas as Dunkirk, the London Blitz, invasion version, Pearl Harbour 1941, Australian soldiers, African theatre campaigns, the home front, letters and parcels to the boys, New Guinea, the Asian Bands and finally on to the Victory celebrations. There are not hundred songs from this period played by a three piece band and song by the cast comprising Gary Down, Vick Mills, Suzanne Duxbury and Vick Deveraux.

After supper which is served during the Victory celebrations, the audience are allowed to dance until midnight to the sounds of Gertie Miller, Tammy Davies and other hosts of the era.

As far as the future, one would hope that it is possible to do all types of theatre in such a venue. Not only musical comedies like the present show, nor drama, nor even musical children's shows, nor any kind of theatre where people can relax in an informal atmosphere and enjoy good theatre and good food without having to think that it all must in a conventional type of theatre with indecorous author power."

PRESENTING NEW TOURS

LESLIE CURRIS

"As Programmes Manager for the Arts Council of New South Wales for nearly two years I have had the pleasure of presenting many amateur areas in research of appreciative school children. Unfortunately I have also had to reject many few acts for Arts Council touring as there is a limit to the number

of acts one organisation can accommodate. For this reason I have decided to organise town, provincial and interstate some new fests as well as some of the more popular and popular areas who have previously toured for the Arts Council.

Initially I will be touring shows in schools, then later around promotional concerts and theatrical productions of a larger scale. I will also be making myself available on a freelance basis for the planning and production of shows, and in particular country touring. The first two shows I will be doing for schools will be the Murray Music Theatre Infants and Primary Schools in the Metropolitan area November and December and State Indian Infants Primary and Secondary in the N.S.W. Eastern and South Coast districts during October, November and December."

BEST DRESS RATES IN SYDNEY

MICHAEL JAMES, ARTT Costumes Department.

The Drama Costume Hire Department has over 1000 different costumes and were constantly increasing our stock and expanding the department to give the public a better selection. We offer a very good range of period and fancy dress, and we can make costumes for hire or for sale. If you're a Drama teacher, a charity, a school or an amateur group you get a special discount, but we have the cheapest rates in Sydney anyway.

We have fancy dress parties, drama groups, professional productions, TV and newspaper commercials, TV shows, Stags, exhibitions and fashion parades. But we also always expand in purchasing costumes from other productions and films. We have all the costumes from "Peter Pan" at Wapping Road, for one more. We also buy original pieces from the last orangutans and orangutan reviews, big plastic up north, from and for reference work. We have a good reference library on costume and research facilities and drama groups and schools are always welcome to go on a tour of the operation."

NO RIGHT TO SUBSIDY

WAYNE O'NEIL, Chairman, People's Theatre Foundation.

No one likes to see a theatre company in trouble — particularly when you are in the business yourself. However, Hobart feels compelled to support the Australia Council Theatre Board's recognition decision in refusing to contribute to finance the Old Fort."

"No company ever involved has the right to subsidy. Public funding must be earned and deserved. Every company must be judged regularly as to whether or not it is a worthy by established criteria for any arts for the nation to devote resources and to encourage them that have lost their relevance. The reason

(Continued on page 48)



MOMMA'S LITTLE HORROR SHOW

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TOP SPOTLIGHT

Hayes Gordon — from Kate to Annie

Sharen Flanagan

It's a long way from the unpretentious furnaces of Hayes to the American heartbeats of multi-million dollar business, but when Hayes Gordon opens in K. Williamson's new musical *Annie* later this year he will be young all the way.

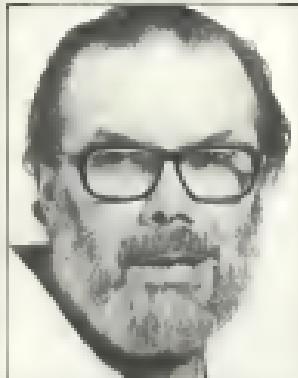
Known by Australian audiences principally for his role as the impudent Russian few in *Fiddler on the Roof*, he will be shrugging his full beard and free flowing hair to assume the clean shaven bald-headed looks of Daddy Warbucks — a wealthy American business tycoon who reluctantly adopts our partitioned orphan Oliver. He will be making a much bigger fortune — from being director teacher at Sydney's Ensemble Theatre in the rigorous routine of a singing dancing actor.

It has been eight long years since Hayes last stepped on stage, but he has travelled the road before. When he accepted the lead role in *Fiddler* back in 1987 it was after an eleven year absence. He is the first to admit it was tough then, and now, at the age of fifty-eight, it has not become any easier.

"Let's face it — I haven't opened my mouth in eight years and while I'm telling everybody else to play action, I'm out of practice. And who knows, someone will share my head. I'd probably come down with pneumonia and be out of the show for eight years. Anything can happen," he jokes, but with a touch of underlying apprehension.

Hayes first came to Australia in 1962. He travelled out from the US to take the lead role in K. Williamson's *Miss Kate*. He liked Australia and stayed, going back to the Ensemble Theatre and acting studios and catching the Australian theatre world with his raw and very special directing and teaching talents. The past eight years have been comfortable ones for him, living at St Ives, directing, teaching and occasionally escaping out on the harbor with his boat.

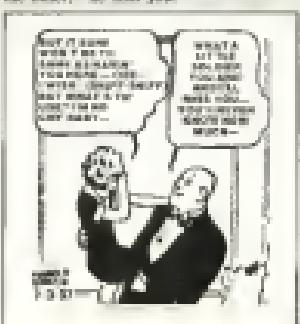
So what is so special about *Annie* that is persuading Hayes to uproot and move to Melbourne? "It opened in New York and is probably considered one of the greatest hits in years and years and years, and when it opened in London just several weeks ago the critics raved, absolutely raved and frenziedly raved, in perfect fact," he tells you. He describes *Annie* as a show which "combines the best of Oliver — 'not in the dimensions of musical' but I mean in terms of myth! — *Cinderella* and *A Christmas Carol*.



"The most wonderful crossover legend we all believed in the one concept of a musical," he says. "I don't know why the f*** that didn't work, and then coming around Christmas I think it's perfect family fare and people have been crying out for family fare."

He also describes the show as "a timely political play". It's very topical. The play takes place during the depression and the government is in a dilemma about what to do about rising unemployment. They ultimately decide upon government action to open the factories and create employment. And being set in the United States gives it some sort of distancing association so that if people don't want to see it any closer than just fun and games they are not forced to but if they want to draw analogies and say, 'you, well if they did it there why can't we do it here, here too?'

He admits that he himself was not over impressed when he first heard the music of the show. But then he read the script. "How radiantly the music fits the script puts everything in perspective. It is like in many unproduced manuscripts, one depends on the other," he tells you.



Hayes' part as Daddy Warbucks requires him to sing six songs for a solo, dance and carry around the title actress whatever play *Annie*. "We are looking for a three foot high emaciated midget to play *Annie*," he jokes. The show promises to be spectacular. According to Hayes the art is extremely strenuous — one of the reasons for opening the show in Melbourne near Williamson's workshop — and there has obviously been no resting on drying.

Hayes himself admits to being paid New York wages and other heavyweights already signed up include such names as Jill Clayburgh, Nancy Horan and Kevin Johnson. On the technical side there is George Martin as director (an American who came out previously to direct *A Little Night Music*), Morris Charman as script writer, Ross Brodsky as producer, Neil Smith as musical director and George Martin's wife as choreographer.

But still, why is Hayes returning to the stage? It was no secret that he only undertook to do *Fiddler* for the money, necessary at the time for the very survival of the Ensemble. But the Ensemble is "able to stand on its own legs now," he tells you. "There were lots and lots of sessions taping, they may pay, don't risk the boat." But I have been poking my brain to write a book, a kind of text on acting and some of the stuff that seems theoretically correct will need to be tested," he says. Hayes points out that sometimes his acting students are a little reluctant to embrace all sorts of the techniques his teacher, "or if I can put them in the text and they can see them working, I think it will accelerate their process of learning," he says.

"Another thing too, I think it is a timely show. It has beneath its fun and games something to say which I think is relevant and pertinent to us here and now and I think it could saying". "Also I can use the money," he sighs. "Money now and then I have to keep an eye on my retiring age, because you know I've got a notion of Australia. I'm not entitled to a pension and I'm having to provide my own superannuation."

So is this finally Hayes Gordon's career song? "Every show I do is a career song. I hope never to do another one again, but there comes a time when you discover maybe you have to do it," he tells you. One thing is certain, it is no ego trip.

Hayes regards the advice of WC Fields who warned other actors against working on stage with children or animals. "We are going to be working with a range of very cute talented little girls and a real dog with a wretched look named Sandy and if there were any eye trapping, I don't think we would have a hope in hell," he laughs.

Meanwhile it's business as usual at the Ensemble. Hayes is currently directing a new show called *Dams of God* which will open at the theatre on the first week of August.

I was asked by many people, on my return to Australia, how long I would be staying. My answer — "three weeks" — brought incredulous stares. One girl, who studies Japanese literature, said to me, "You're planning on seeing the whole country in only three weeks?"

When one has given oneself over to the inter-shader world of Japanese journalism, three weeks to see one country's theatre seems like all the time in the world. But Australia proved to be the exception to that. I couldn't quite believe the densities. And these seemed to pass with a grace comparable to its own. I didn't see a single person falling out, for that matter, passing through a single crowd, as in Japan. (In Tokyo virtually everybody makes every where for no reason at all.) For any number of reasons, here was a country that was truly Japan's opposite number.

If I was to approach Australian theatre as well, I would have to begin by withholding judgment on the basis of a Japanese sensibility to time and space. Besides this, Australia seemed different from both Europe and America too. In Asia, it was not exactly Asia. It appeared to me as a Fourth World, an independent domain, with its own sense of time and space.

I was very happy that the country offered so much that I had to see, far more than were my expectations of it. I saw plays after play in Canberra, Adelaide, Sydney, and Melbourne, sometimes up to three plays a day, and I never tired of it. The standard of production was always high.

I should point out that I was fortunate to meet a large number of great people of ability, as in Australia: Brisbane's Phillip Parsons, Martin Thorne, Roger Polovin, Lee Radzi, Peter Rama, Ron Blue, Dorothy Hewitt, Ray Lawler, Alan Bass, Jim Sharman, and Rob Page. They addressed themselves to my childhood questions with the greatest care, sensitivity, and patience. They gave me valuable advice at every turn. I felt I wanted and an enthusiasm in both the people of Australian theatre and the theatre itself. Those three weeks were very happy ones for me! I felt I was at a festival the entire time.

Now, I don't think so highly of myself to presume that I could draw any concrete conclusions from such a short stay in this country. Were I to come as another time and see other productions, I would no doubt have a different view of things. What I write here are temporary impressions on my part and nothing more; fleeting impressions, if you will.

Firn I was struck by the impressiveness of the beauty of Australian theatre. Australian theatre, too, has bath left on the ground. It is a no-frills theatre. It seemed to me to be a theatre that has chosen a concrete simplicity over superficial showiness. It has not strayed from the essential elements or peddled to a technique-for-its-own-sake mentality, a transvestite art form. Australian theatre is a theatre of healthy balance, not carried away by violent inter-relationship networks of dogmatic self-righteousness. To put it another way, Australian theatre has as its basic drop an artistic sensibility that comes from

A Theatre Opened To The Future

Senda Akihiko

One of Japan's leading theatre critics assesses Australian theatre

mentally. It is a rare theatre.

Where does this stability come from? Probably from the solid base of a large continent as it is reflected in people's needs from a society that is built on peaceful processes and an comparatively well-off and free of stress. So much of modern theatre has entered the cut and slash techniques for its own sake, of exercise, rehashing without purpose. That theatre is theatre for no one sake. It may be intelligent, but it is largely empty. Australian theatre, it seems to me, has elected this kind of theatre before it could take hold.

I was surprised to find that the majority of playwrights who are active on the front line of the arts were in their thirties, and that the "new wave" had come, with them riding it, during the second half of the 1960's. There is an intriguing similarity in this with the Japanese situation. In Japan, the so-called little theatre movement of anti-establishment writers and directors arose — Kenji Iwao, Saito Tadaaki, Setsuyaku Akutagawa, Isamu Makoto, Toriyama Shige, Higashii Yukihi. These people, and others, are the soul of Japanese theatre.

But one quickly sees the differences between the two "new waves". The Japanese theatre of the 1960's was one which set out to negate a modern drama based on psychology and realism. It was an avant-garde experimental movement which is still a minority movement in the world of Japanese theatre today.

So I was naturally surprised to see that most of the same generation of playwrights and directors in these theatres here in Australia were writing popular pieces which were widely accepted and enjoyed by society, dramas that had a mature technique in them and a traditional point of departure, and that these people were already successful in the middle ages of their society. The Japanese theatre world has a thick layer of old people running it at the top. It is a theatre that is sharply polarized in its value system. And it doesn't have an open-ended structure to does Australian society.

So that as it may most Australian playwrights are pure of their techniques which is a careful and meticulous one. Moreover, it is a technique that can mean which have a high rate of success. A typical example of this is Alan Bass' *Makomako Reef* which I saw in Melbourne. It was a "well-made play" full of ready wit

and a connoisseur, refined sense. Aaron Neary's direction was skilful, and there was life on stage, and I was impressed by the playwright's ability.

However, whilst the play did entertain the audience very much, it was not the kind of piece that commands an audience in a better way. I prefer the playwright's early work which is much more interesting, plays like *Nova* and *Almond and Blasted* which I have only read, however. At least in those plays there is a mystery, a darkness that cannot be fully explained.

That is why I left that, while there was a high overall level in production and a more maturity — and I fully value these qualities, there was also that lack of meaning of the plays I saw later on.

The main source by the precepts of a person who has been too much Japanese experimental work from a theatre that gives all its power over to experiencing drama, a theatre that thrives on the theatricality of the spectacle and the element of the unexpected in the plot. It may be that I am ill informed really, but I feel that way only because I have seen so little of Australian's theatre. Whatever, it does appear to me that Australian theatre in the long run, will take its form from the grande chuchard that exists between the representational musings of people like Alex Bass and David Williamson on the one hand, and non-musical narrators like Dorothy Hewitt, with her poetic drama, Roger Polovin with his social criticism and satire, and directors like Jim Sharman and Ron Chamberlain, on the other.

This theatre would be different again from that of either Europe or Asia. It would be the original product of this unique continent. It would be a theatre that reflects the complexities of a multi-cultural state, not restrained by tradition; supported by a largeness of approach and tolerance on time and space, having more than anything, the future and opened-out with a theatre of possibility and abundance.

Australian theatre is part of the core of Asian theatre, yet in many ways is such a contrast to Japanese theatre. We cannot but be deeply impressed by it.

CONTINUED FROM

FOG

LIGHTING AND SOUND

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Music Theatre in Melbourne

On September 1st at the Union Theatre, University of Melbourne, the Victorian State Opera is to open its second season of contemporary music theatre.

Two of the works, *The Apology of Bossey Anderson* using Murray Lipton to the music of Barry Corinthian, and *Six An Anxious Field in Seven Deadly Arts* and *One* were written by Jack Hibberd with music by Martin Frend. They have been specially commissioned by the company. The third work of the evening is *Chau Foote Songs*, words by Barbara Blackman and music by Peter Schuberg, which was recently premiered in Sydney.

With this season of major drama the Victorian State Opera can now rightly claim to be the only opera company in the country to present new works by Australian composers and writers on a regular basis. Not only that, the company runs the production and presentation of such works

as "one of its major functions and achievements". All power to them!

Bossey Anderson tells the tale of a convict charged to a rock in Sydney Harbour after becoming violent due to a head injury sustained at the battle of Navarino. On the rock, like a modern Prometheus, he becomes a silent victim. The piece takes up hot story after he had been stranded and taken to Norfolk Island, where visitors draw batches of inmates from him as far as tenth animals.

Jack Hibberd's *Six* is a modern morality tale described as "theatrical, historical, movement and thought provoking". It takes the lid off conventional social attitudes by juxtaposing continually and naturally images of sex and violence. Martin Frend worked with the writer for the Penn Factory's production of *The Chrysanthemum*, as did Paul Hargrave the director. Evelyn Kraus and Jan Frend are in the cast.

In *Chau Foote Songs*, Margaret Cory plays the half mad Mrs Frazer outside the shaggywood boards she set up in Hyde Park, Sydney where she sold the story of her long ordeal on what is now known as Fraser Island in the hands of the



Evelyn Kraus

shortcomings

The season runs for five nights between September 1st and 6th.

Theatre in Schools with Andrew Ross

Joan Ambrose

A winter's morning, a school with the sounds and smells of a school. The cleaned porridge of orange peels, wet gum shoes and clapping hands. And the poor teachers are victims. They have been herded into a rather cramped reading room to see a play. They give the impression they'd either be doing maths, or better still not being at school at all. Suddenly a teacher breaks into their talk. This is Acid Larvae in Blue walks onto the scene area, shortly followed by Ruth Mayne in Red and the play *The Whiners* by Brian Friel begins. It is a play about being in love, about exams, leaving school and being pregnant. Eighty minutes later, a group of kids walk out of that room, mixed, uncertain, each separate, each wrapped in a response that they do not wish to break, so great has been their enjoyment with the play.

All of that is something new to students in Western Australia. Director Andrew Ross was appointed in January 1977 to set up TIE in the West, under the aegis of the National Theatre Company. There was no money and a big job to do. But Andrew was very clear in his mind where he wanted to go and what he wanted to do. So that he has been supported by both Annie Steele and Stephen Barry, successive Directors of the National Theatre. The result has been outstandingly successful. There is a waiting list of schools who are asking for the 'Theatre in Education' team, and schools now book return visits of the play.

Andrew's background is as a Director of Student Theatre at Monash and some years with the MTC on a freelance basis. A fortuitous accidental meeting with Anna Maria gave him the opportunity to join the National Theatre and to put into

THEATRE IN EDUCATION
THE NATIONAL THEATRE
PHONE 32533

National Theatre, Perth's TIE team. Top: Sue Upton, Andrew Ross (Director), David Kennedy (Actor), Ross Cole (Actor), Richard Tollock (Artist) and Louise Griffin (Actor)

practice his convictions about what kind of theatre should be played in schools.

But the first problem was money. Initially, the play choices were restricted. The TIE company at the beginning had to largely run on borrowed. But the response to their first play *Caged in Town* and *Whiners* was so good that the Schools Commission funded fares by David Young for primary schools. A film of the performances has been made so that schools can see what is involved and the type of work the TIE team presents.

Subsequent funding from the WA Arts Council and the Australia Council has allowed the Company to develop, and to raise. Andrew Ross's natural belief that TIE companies work best with a writer in the team. Richard Tollock has now been with the company since the beginning of this year and once plays *Red Earth and Kangaroo* — a word play for primary

schools — have emerged as a result.

The guiding philosophy behind Andrew's work is a commitment to bringing theatre to schools in a way that relates to the child's simple experience and not just to curriculum needs, presenting plays that are both entertaining but with a depth and pride content that expand the children's understanding and awareness.

It has been a busy period for Andrew Ross. In addition to the exciting demands of forming TIE in Western Australia, he sits his three critically acclaimed Greenroom productions in his credit, such as *Askes* and *Gone Home*.

He never imagined that he would come West. But it has been a rather marvellous, almost frantic, experience to sign. There are so many opportunities and a fresh and vigorous approach here, that make the efforts of the last eighteen months very worthwhile.

CHARTER

Dear Sir

On reading Marquette Wolfe's article "No Culture Comes Out of Empowerment", it struck me that readers may well get the impression that Forest Theatre Company is critical of the Canadian Theatre Trust for wanting to increase our investment options in the form of the Canadian Theatre, rather than the Playhouse.

In fact this is not so we would be pleased to have the use of the Playhouse in the future — but only at such time as we have sufficient funding to contribute to make full use of the available facilities.

We are a newly formed company, gradually building a reputation for theatrical fitness and, by necessity keeping our expenditure as low as possible. The bylaws of the theatre state that we are able to use representative formats, etc., lighting etc. We believe that inflexibility is one of the reasons for the success of our last two seasons.

We have received the utmost co-operation from Terry Vaughan, and the Theatre Trust in general. And are now in the process of preparing four eight plays to run from September 11th to October 6th.

In his article Mr. Wolfe has not mentioned us, but used our statement out of context, with the unfortunate effect of misleading Forest Theatre Company with a group of people in the A.C.T. who feel they have a grievance against the Theatre Trust.

Yours faithfully,

Pat MacEachern

Forest Theatre Company
A.C.T.

Dear Editor,

It's about time I re-established correspondence with you and reminded you of my continued interest in CA. This is an interest, by the way, which is shared by many people in Canada; opinions have been mixed on the quality and breadth of the journal, and I think these words prove about.

John Howard was in town last Spring, visiting theaters and theater people in Canada from coast to coast. He made a great impression here, his disarmingly robust personality did more for the success of his stay than the cultural contacts at the Australian High Commission or Ottawa at Parliament, a communication was complete. John gave a relevant, live performance of the La Hating monologue from *The Floating World*. It was the highlight of an evening dedicated otherwise to poetry recitation. John Howard's being in Canada was the result of his winning the Canadian Australian Literary Prize which he actually won, I think, two or three years ago. Much

interest in Australia now exists here, and those theaters in Australia (presently The National Theatre in Ottawa (NAC) is possibly going to perform *The Floating World* as part of their season for 1979.

Another very poor piece of miscellany is about Australian films and the way they are marketed over here. First, I've never seen *Pince et Flange Rock* screened in Canada, neither at regular distribution nor festival showing. Recently, *The Devil's Playground* was shown at a festival but it seems like it comes from somewhere under the most seedy downtown house. It was for a week and was hopefully listed as "An Australian horror movie" — and they meant horror in the purest and the scariest sense. Another case is *Priscilla* — from a David Williamson stage I believe — which became *Rock Prawns* yet here above a maintained in blood if you could I look. I guess you already know, a North American for an audience who seems to be more interested than in flesh — odder my opinion? I think distributions are duty to take a look with Australian films in Canada. Of course, this is understandable while not justifiable. *Abel's Day Afternoon* was given an uneventful release because it had Dennis Hopper in it star. But then, I wonder why *Rachel Roberts* (at least known here for its role in a Tony Russell record doesn't qualify *Pince et Flange Rock* for North American release. Perhaps it has been shown in the states, I don't know. At least one would hope that our local Festival organizers would consider options.

I am presently attending the Stratford Festival, from which I hope a column will be forthcoming to you. All the best for continued success with the journal.

Yours sincerely

Billy O'Conor

Canadian Correspondent

Dear Sirs,

We were somewhat taken aback at Ray Stanley's column in the last issue in which he referred to our "selfish upper-middle-class" in relation to our use of *The Threepenny and All That*.

In a fact that the *Threepenny* company approached us a few weeks prior to their tour to see if we planned to go out of town costs, but when we explained that we had already spent about \$10,000 in initial preparation and advertising for the cost they agreed to proceed with their concert.

Our relations with the company before during and after the tour have always been most cordial and professional, so we thought how Ray could have formed such a distorted view of the situation does allow for the fact that his

colleagues put things in a different shade of facts.

Sincerely

Ken Warkay

Director, Victorian Arts Council

Dear Sir

I regret that Terry Vaughan is away at present and cannot reply to Marquette Wolfe's article on the Canadian Theatre Trust personally. However, I would like to make the following comments.

The Canadian Theatre Trust's principle responsibility under the Ordinance is the management of the Theatre Fund — that is basically to provide for occupancy of its spaces and to maintain them to the original standards set. The open annual funds of the Theatre Fund are derived as follows — 50% from revenue and 49% from subsidy.

Secondary to this function the Ordinance requires the Trust to promote and encourage the arts. However the financial section set up by the Government did not allow for the substantial funding of these aims so in 1965 the Trust was given \$1000, non-negotiable, which it was used and accounted and it was finally expended 1970.

The main source for management of funds over the last seven years has been a steady entrepreneurial grant from the Victorian Council. This has been used to bring all types and styles of presentations to Victoria which for financial reasons would not otherwise be seen here also, to encourage and support events originating from within the community itself. From July 1971 to June 1978 we presented 22 different productions, including the Primo Factory's production of "A Search of the Imagination" with Max Giesen, and the Forest Theatre production in the form of the Canadian Theatre Trust's production of *The Threepenny*.

By the way the Forest Theatre went to play in the lower end we are playing night season in September/October. Also, the Japanese Company is currently playing a four week season at the

Usage and attendances declined from 1971 to 1977 in company with the general economy and there were events throughout Australia. I cannot speak for the economy but I am happy to note that both usage and attendance at the Canadian Theatre Trust increased in 1977/78 to 304 usages and 223,461 attendees.

An English "World Conference in Drama Arts" by Roger Phibbs we were approached by Garryson Production to present the play for a season at the Playhouse. We suggested that it would do better in the environment of the

(Continued on page 11)

Ray Stanley's

WHISPERS RUMOURS & FACTS



Sydney may be ahead of London with its production of *Deathtrap* but it looks ultimately as though the Sydney cast will be bigger in England. On November 11 the Drama Society will be holding its annual dinner while guests of honour will be English actor Hamilton who toured around England as the play for many years. Their dinner is due to start with Ray Dwyer as a completely new stage version with plans in hand to present the Broadway version next spring with Dennis Stamp mentioned for the title role. Frank Langella (who's been playing it on Broadway) is

due in London in October to star in the film version with Lord Olivier in Van Helsing. And of course Kim Russell is to direct yet another film version.

How much's a possibility? Glynn Johns will star in a Broadway version of the film *Wendy and Peter Pan*. Lin Ulmann will probably be taking singing lessons while she's in Australia, preparing for the Broadway lead in Richard Rodgers' *Annie*. There's talk all over again of James Stewart coming here to play in *Moby*, and the search for a lead for this *Theatre For The Blind Before Breakfast* will commence.

The multi-talented Neil Knight, having made the translation of the MTC's *Chorus* with Fosk Whistler has followed this with the translation of *The Servant of Two Masters* with Ross Hart for the South Australian Theatre Company. I am told by a quite reliable source that a name is rumoured for the future Troye Shaneson who will quite likely be another off Broadway star. Shaneson (Hepburn's leading role in *Aladdin*) is likely to be sought for power by the TV networks.

Apparently unassisted by Reg Livermore's one show in *Secret Agent*, Dennis rapidly淡忘ed. Was one of Jon Philpotson's recent plays ago called that? I understand it was his

Lovin' who used James Broadbent (Fosk Whistler) would be the best possible lead for the Australian production of *Death Trap*. An ageing an unknown Australian will be cast in the other leading roles and make a bit more money. Quite how Lincoln Hall "America is where I earn my living" Britain is where I pay my tax. The *China Girls* of *My Age* recently had a multi-play at Jermyn and the Potters by Sean O'Casey. *Confession* being based in Adelaide by Wal Cherry's newly formed Australian Stage Company is another organisation in the city as called *The Stage Company*.

Those who can recall French Young's Arrow Theatre days will be saddened at the death in London of stage fire-set director Frederick Farley. After a period of passing well on the New Zealand theatre he came to Melbourne in 1950 and during his time there directed Jennifer Hanley in *My Fair* in the Queen Jessie Matthes in *Angels*, *Dear Liza* and *Ralph Rectifies*. The Square Ring his most recent achievement was taking over from Alan Webb in the West End production of *The Aspern Papers* and acting in the three-hander with Ralph Richardson and Colin Johnson following this with direction of a national tour of the same play.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR CONT'D

campus and the Director argued. However, he refused to support it with a guarantee of \$1000. The offer and the money was accepted and we will think it was the right choice to take.

Camberra is actually a city of 200,000 and the Theatre Council has little influence to provide a general idea for the entire population. However, the Canberra Theatre Trust seems to sense the outcome of the Inquiry (see *Drama* in the ACT issue) which two of its members are involved in as recommendations may well influence the future role of the Theatre Council in regard to drama.

For the 1978 calendar year, our entertainment funds totalled \$32,000 and this doesn't go very far. The Trust would certainly like to increase and is making representations for a larger sum next year.

Yours sincerely,
D.J. Purcell
Chairman

CANBERRA THEATRE TRUST

Dear Sir:

Writing only that my play got produced and that I continue to develop as a playwright. I want all of you to know that you failed me once in your April. *Comments* that I was awarded the National Critics' Circle prize for the ACT

You did however mention all the State awards. Nor was I all that put out that last September you didn't publish the crit of my own play *The Return of Jim Madar* produced by Canberra Rep. But then on reflection I thought Ed wrote to you so that the people who have encouraged me in my work will know that I am still well and living productively in Canberra.

Yours faithfully,
Mike Oliver,
Pilbara, ACT

Dear Sir:

Last month the Company of Players, a constituted part of the State Theatre of South Australia held one of its regular meetings. It was an extraordinary meeting, in as much as there was no office workshop, scene and lighting design staff were there to discuss the appointment of the new artistic director.

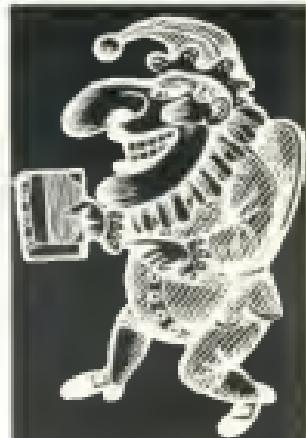
I formed a working party to draft a report of the mistakes reported in the meeting and that report will be presented to the board by our representative.

The Company of Players has a representative on the board with full voting powers.

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Yours faithfully
Bobbie Brewerton
State Company of South Australia

APOLOGY
Apologies to Ray Stanley, who wrote the review of *Electra* in the August issue, and of course, David Purcell who took the photo.



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SEND JOURNAL TO -

La Stupenda



Joan Sutherland as Norma.

Mastery or Myth?

A personal assessment of opera's superstar by Greg Curran.

Listen to a batch of "Stupenda," Irau, and you'll quickly come to believe expressive singing begins and ends with Maria Callas. The old refrain, Callas for acting, Sutherland for the vocal shrill, is still being worked, still passing for thoughtful collaboration on certain drama critics.

When in a poly, because apart from the quaint notion that the staging and acting of opera can be effectively separated, the distinction is hardly far to either lady. To those whose needs are not clouded by a broad view of what vocal beauty can be, Maria Callas was, more often than not the voice beautiful, while our Joan, hailed as "great" as long as we can think on the basis of her failed virtuosity, may now on the strength of her recent Sydney Norma, II suppose a deeper awareness of what the tragic function in general (and Norma in particular) is all about, here it is for us to be a more complete artist, as to be really great.

One prime fact should immediately be made clear. Expression is singing, and particularly opera will always Wright after Eugène de Balzac, one of the first French theoreticians of singing, divided voices into two categories, the beautiful ones and the good ones. The good ones are those which, without any natural gifts, are nevertheless capable, thanks to technique,

of expressing all a performance requires. The naturally beautiful ones, on the other hand, content to walk in their own beauty, rarely produce anything of significance and are often boring.

Forward to Paris in the 1880's and Wagnerian Berlin great composer of *La Sonnambula*, J. Purtscher, and Norma Bellini's friend, Ferdinand Hilde, has left impressions of musical evenings, of which Helene and Chopin were present. On one of these occasions, Hilde sits at Bellini singing some of his new compositions "in a very joyful and sound than of feeling". Impressed, Gustave Flaubert, director of the newspaper, the *Le Monde*, created the diverse roles of Norma and Sonnambula, had, according to the critic Chorley, a visit that was, originally anyway, "hard, uneven and unbeautiful". Green Musical Dictionary states that "her voice was not absolutely free from superlition but the individuality of her impersonations and the peculiar and penetrating expression of her singing made the several comic fopish airy traits of production in the sympathy and emotion the irresistibly coarse".

Another Norma, the "fabulous" Malibran contemporary of Patti and Bellini, and the singer to whom, at a certain day, Maria Callas has been most com-

pared, was an artist of great presence and force but, again according to Green, her claim "seems to have been chiefly in the peculiar colour and unusual extent of her voice, and in her variable temperament... that her voice was not faultless either in quality or uniformity seems certain". Giulia Grisi, another contemporary, a gender type of singer by all accounts, with apparently more conventional (and "gentle") vocal resources, nevertheless appears to have striven for expressiveness at all costs. She was the first Elvira in Bellini's last opera *I Puritani* in London (1830) the year of *The Spectator* pays tribute to her acting in the role, "In the however being who much before us with dim and Naples eyes, took and melancholic features and a voice hollow, transious, hoarse, not a vestige remains of the lively and splendid creation we had seen an instant before".

Composers other than Bellini preferred dramatic truth to some spurious vocal perfection. Verdi, for instance, who stated that "Bell" Lady Macbeth should have a voice "sound, muffled and hollow... a decided quality". Richard Wagner said of Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, the great Lyre of Pabis, creator of Scarpia in *The Flying Dutchman*, that Verissimo is

"She needs Franco Zeffirelli again to direct her and Tullio Serafin to come back from the dead."



Photo: William Moulton

Passionate? "Because we have celebrated you in a singer, I have been asked whether your voice was really exceptional, the question implying that this was the essential point. If I were to be asked this question today I would give roughly this reply: no, she had no voice, but she knew so well how to handle her breathing and thereby to create, with so marvellous a understanding the true soul of a woman, that one thought no longer of singing but of voice".

That's rather a good description of Callas as well, and indeed the conductor Tullio Serafin her discoverer, who was also a major influence on Rossini's Norma (great Norma of the twentieth and an early "ancestor" of Miss Sutherland herself), has echoed Wagner in his comments on the Italian soprano Adelina Patti in a centenary of 1938: "I never actually noticed that Patti had a voice. I don't know why, but evening after evening I have only heard the voice of Faust and Lorelei, of Des Grieux and Edmunda, and so on. I've heard as many voices as there are parts in his repertoire". Which may be just another way of putting what Ernest Newman, the great English critic, said about Patti's Norma: "Miss Patti proves to us that the finest singing, given a good voice to begin with, comes from the constant play of a fine mind on the finer meaning of the music".

Another Norma, she may have been the greatest of all, Tullio Lehmann, born of the century soprano with a phenomenal repertoire including Boieldieu and Bruckner (and that respect, at least, she was the Callas of her day). Yet, according to the Viennese critic Henschel, "Nature denied

her penetrating, enough and sumptuousness of voice — but endowed her with a personality predominant not only for the stage but particularly tragic and noble role". One might almost say Joan Sutherland is Lehmann's reverse. From the beginning of her international career the voice was a great one, with subject to few limits in the matter of top range. Flexibility (decorations handled with consummate ease) and quality. The criticism was that from the outset she hardly seemed to have much temperamental affinity with the tragic heroines she portrayed. For a start she was movementally placed onstage. And the problem was not confined to physical acting, or even vocal acting. It was more fundamental. What do I mean?

Well, in the first place, while her tone was not blunted like the whirling top, country-pot callenders of 19th century French opera, it was light, and though bright, which was usually attractive, it was soft grained which was often a disadvantage. Moreover there was a tendency toward a single colouration, a monochromatic effect. Though the voice was clearly capable of darker colours, it did not naturally favour the deeper shades. Compared to the dark "mysterious" beauty of the voice of Rossini Patti described by all Serafin in *The Grand Tradition* as port wine, roses, passion, violet, cream, the delicate evanescence and the light and shade of Montserrat Caballe, the vigour and attack of one such Norma as Anna Oregian and Elena Soboleva (quad for all in short cannot fail to mention the soubrette, angry and suppressive authority of Maria Callas) even at times of great

vocal stress, La Scopenda seemed at a stand — calligraphic.

At the same time whether by nature or machevillian, or a deliberate intent to "cover" at all costs she seemed to have some difficulty in proper production of the voice, in that area largely free of the bolts and bounces of singing — in the middle range. Here the following were sometimes lacking, either singly or in combination: feeling for pace (she was forever impudent, even strident of some clearly less phrasing crudeness and clarity of intonation); the ability to sing simply and sound natural. Considerations such as these are often of paramount importance in what is, after all, the vocal heartland of singing. In this respect they were sometimes curiously lacking.

This meant that, as well as often being calligraphic, the singing was weightless as well. The mainly measured, bubbly gauzy effect of this odd voice production preceded a performance of scoldiness. And without clear dictum there could be little in the way of word acting, expression, communication, drama. Over the years in Lucia, Amena, Elvira, Violetta (in Oct 1965 that really was interminable), Marguerite, Semiramide et al. the singer always seemed pretty much the same. All that changed were the costumes. Performances I've seen were usually enlivened by the physical beauty of the vocal instrument (something which, however, quickly ran out of interest plus fantastic bouts of vibrato at the top of the range (being also of a lyrical inclination, they soon established their welcome). Miss Sutherland then, destined forever to be the "horning" voice of the 17th Century. Barely presentiy

"The singer always seemed pretty much the same. All that changed were the costumes."



Photo: William Mostby

Joan Sutherland in *The Merry Widow*

mentioned, one of those voices "comes to walk in their beauty"?

In London 1967 the diva sang Norma for the first, I think, of two series of performances in that city to date (the other was in 1970). Bertrand Rosenthal (Editor of *Opera Magazine*) said this: "Not only was that long stretch in the opera which were boring, in which Miss Sutherland just did not seem one's attention . . . but this was the kind of performance which necessarily has given the impression to those who did not know the opera that it is not a particularly good piece, and that Bellini was not a dramatic composer".

Rosenthal's words are of more than routine interest in Sydney 1975. The critics have been variously attributed the longish misfauls in the *Liberto*, and the reason that the opera has for a long time been buried (which is contested), that the *prince* is, backhanded, that the *gondolier* is at fault here, to my mind, is that he is a bad one, and so on and so forth. Anything is used saying something obvious to a child; that any banaliti with Norma is more likely to lie at the feet of the Grand pretender himself, more likely to arise from a lack of consistent, convincing interpretation from the opera's central figure. Nothing like that was suggested. Miss Sutherland, a natural actress, has been as always, paired with vocal superlatives. Can that described be far off?

Yet Rosenthal's *Catalani*, another famed practitioner of Norma, got panted in some quarters by the dramatic defects in her recent performances in Covent Garden. The critic of *The Sunday Times* (London) said: "I made the mistake of first seeing Norma with Callas in her blinding prime —

a standard of dramatic and musical intelligence and commitment compared with which her successors at Covent Garden have none: nowhere *Catalani*, unlike Sutherland, at least gives a semblance of the great issues of passion and passion that are at stake, but, until the final scene, her ringing in the big numbers had little of Sutherland's great accomplishment of indeed of her own, while the lack of involvement and purpose made the recitatives seem interminable".

Well that's one critic's view, based, one supposes, on Sutherland's case, on the memory of those 1967 and 1970 performances. Despite what I've said about the Sutherland voice, despite the stretches of dulness in the Sydney performances, I think Miss Sutherland, whose Norma has become a real curtain egg! would make a much stronger impression in London now. Her vocal efforts also, a much more thoughtful singer, an artist coming to grips with her power as never before. There is a clarity in the rendering, a feeling for phrasing, an overall authority which looks well. Perhaps, at fifty two, the singer no longer feels so confident about her top though she has few worries on that account and has other priorities. Perhaps she now sees her goal as a singing actress. Whatever, she has conquered with (just almost) the centre of her voice. Her singing of *Cave Dye* was lovely, she was touching in the scenes with the children, had a great ringing at her level, the desiring Norma possessed *Pollione*, and used her and meaning in the string of great numbers that make up the last act. Thus Jo Ma Mio (at which Norma has *Pollione* in her power) was gripping. *Quid Cor Tendit* (in

which she reveals her selfless love) was moving, and the finale, in which the mighty *Presto* goes to her death, appropriately noble.

But, and it is a big but, does she yet command the role with her whole being? — there were patches of doggy and undisciplined singing, a lot that was tentative, too much stoppage in the phrasing, singing like needs *François Gély* again to direct her and *Tullio Serafin* to come back from the dead and conduct one of his great expansive performances. The whole evening lacked an overwhelming feeling of grandeur. A truly great Norma should appear to be possessed, caught up, swept away, by the role. May be Joan Sutherland, who has never seemed so much at home on stage as now, soon will be. I hope so, for I would like to really like her, to be completely satisfied by her.

At Harold Rosenthal also said: "The great Norma of operatic history has, to a greater or lesser extent all been great singers, extremely masters of dramatic declamation and outstanding personalities — Lilli Lehmann, Rose Ponselle, Maria Callas". Will Joan Sutherland pass the soprano group? I doubt it, but she has surpassed me this time, and may again in 1972, in a farewell to the students of a master class at the Juilliard School New York, she has Maria Callas and "The only thinks I want to discuss, feeling, and expression". Will "our" diva ever be able to say that? Perhaps Time will tell. In the meantime, constant affirmations and re-affirmations of her "prestige" by the Australian press ease the point, and are hardly conducive to an atmosphere in which art can truly flourish.



Wal Cherry looks at the aims and uses of 'political' theatre

THE POLITICS OF SELF-INDULGENCE

When we were rehearsing *The Threepenny Opera* for New Opera over the State Opera of South Australia, in late November and December 1975, some remarkable political events overrode the Australian people. The Governor-General sacked the Whitlam Government and by European standards we ought to have been in political chaos. The fact that we were not, disturbed the left and relieved the right. The effect on the company in rehearsal was simply this, although the left protested validity and the right tended to remain quiet. John Walker and I thought we would take advantage of the situation to make a point with local reverberations. We had already placed the play in an Australian socio-political context and now seized on the opportunity to flex our political muscles, have some fun and perhaps demonstrate the spirit of Brecht. We brought the text back closer to the original meaning which Brecht, by the sudden strength of his imagination, could never have expected to refer directly to life.

You will recall that *The Threepenny Opera* ends when the benevolent Macbeth is reprieved as he stands on the gallows. A messenger arrives from the Queen (King in our version) and intermixes with the process. Macbeth stands innocent. We thought there was an easily made political point in these circumstances and John Walker made it with a low debt stroke of the minister's pen. Pachman said:

Dear audience, we now are coming to the point where we must hang him by the neck.
Because it is the Christian thing to do.
Proving that man must pay for what they take.

But as we want to keep our fingers clean, and you are people we don't risk offending, we thought we'd better do without that scene.
And substitute instead a different stroke.

Why hang Macbeth? We know that men are all
For crime so long as it is mere and legal
So let's order this to the Governor-General
And may his answer to us be Vice Regal.

A Governor-General, unopposed in appropriate piety, dropped from the file and was

I bring a special order from our beloved King to have Captain Macbeth set at Mario Karttville — all alive — as it's the coronation, and used to be the heraldic prestige. Cheers. The castle of Marstrand, likewise a pattern of iron sharpened pounds, to be fit in usdrift and his death. Cheers. To my bestal

couples present. His Majesty bids me to convey his greatest good wishes.

The Chorus sang

Injustice should be spared from punishment.

Snow it will freeze to death for it is cold
Think of the blizzards and the black confusions.

Which in the vale of tears we all behold
And the moral was drawn.

If the audience got the point it displayed measure, unconcern. The company remained as it was. No Liberal voter got upset at having to perform that kind of thing. The aesthetic and theatrical values of the piece were enhanced and we left a little bang about our relevance. We'd done our bit.

There is a sense in which all theatre is political and it can certainly be judged and analysed from that point of view. But there can be no justification for claiming theatre as politics without also examining its political function. How successful is political theatre as politics?

The answer is not very successful at all. There are limited suspended claims which can be made for the political effectiveness of committed theatre. You can claim that political theatre provides a rallying point for indoctrinated people. You can claim that at certain points and times it has moved relatively small numbers of people to civic demonstrations and riots, as in the Federal Theatre days of Walker and Haworth, or the turbulent days of the Abbey. It can generate interest which attracts publicity, and in the days of modern commercialism it can sometimes generate a modicum of public attention but largely the conventional political theatre conducts its business, both imaginative and financial, with the complacent or the indulgent — the happily uninterested upper-middle class which seems not to care in the least that Melbourne's Australian Performing Group, or any other theatrical faction, should survive happily on the taxpayer's money.

The theatre is not a very satisfactory place in which to be politically active. The results are simply not there. The politically disadvantaged and disaffected people in Australia are those who live in poverty, deprivation and neglect and for the theatre to give us an instrument which can effectively help those people in financially self-indulgent. The theatre can and should be able to demonstrate that neglect, that poverty, this disenfranchisement but the theatre exists on its sense of fun, of celebration, and pretty soon the fact of poverty becomes theatrical "content", the play is experienced at the level where cast and audience can in their own way feel guilty, and/or good about their personal feelings aroused by the performance.

In this area we are left in little doubt about the political role. The audience is meant to feel guilty and the performers, by virtue of being politically active, are meant to feel good.

Of course, there's nothing necessarily wrong about that. And there's nothing necessarily right about it either. What has happened is that an event has occurred in a public place from which a relatively

small number of people has derived pleasure.

In the theatre politics largely enlarges its role as the cause of suffering and some becomes part of the suffered aesthetic. Theatre is to politics as knifing at the fumets was to revolution by guillotine during the French revolution. Something is to be getting on with while you're waiting.

That said it might be interesting to ask what impact modern political ideologies have had on the theatre in Australia. In the major cultural theatre the effect has been negligible. The repertoire has been expanded to include some quackish works from the left. Programme notes and actors' biographies make passing references such as "Fascist here — like" and occasionally companies such as the South Australian Theatre Company under George Doherty's regime talk as though the middle-class audience needs to be educated culturally and politically and by God they're going to do it. That's about as far as it goes.

In the smaller theatres a number of political gestures are made but the achievement can be measured on good old unconnected terms. The major achievement of the Australian Performing Group and it is indeed a major achievement, lies in the way it has given to the Australian theatre. It has had no discernible effect on Australian politics but its methods of work have loosened up a certain amount of theatrical practice and it has acted as an excellent tool for the companies which recruit larger audiences. It has also provided a life-style focus for a number of Melbourne citizens. It also believes in what it does. The weakness of the APG's position is reflected in a production of *The Master* which I saw there in 1975. In that play by Brecht there is a scene in which a schoolteacher who is by no means politically "correct", is recruited by a revolutionary cell to teach the members to read and write. When members of the cell wish to spend their time discussing the political implications of the schoolteacher's position the Master brings them back to the fact that learning to read and write provides a basic revolutionary tool. Now being able to communicate clearly through a voice and a body which works specifically for the need is a basic structural tool and no amount of "political correctness" can replace it. If the performers are not capable of specificity then audiences and performers share vague generalities which, if they are all of one mind, make them feel cosy and warm and right. But any revolution depends upon either a stunning example of "correctness", or the ability to convince enough people by argument, or the ability to sweep people along emotionally (differently), or love of arms. The production I saw was capable of none of these alternatives. The actors had no discernible communication skills and no threatening status as gauntlet fighters having a night off. As politics it was a flop. As theatre it was less than convincing. As art — well, it wasn't.

The other effect of political thinking has been on the continuity theatre and where

certain companies have tried to recruit the community to the process of making theatre and some communities have tried to do this for themselves. Many of these activities have no political overtones and are simply part of the self-expression, cultivation group. Over your sofa a cultured grass-rotting which pleases all of us, including politicians, because it obscures most of us. Some companies do have political ambitions in this they are up against the survival of arts and education where politics has a more serious role. Politics implies public discipline and private freedom. Art implies general discipline and public freedom. "Cultural" education, more and more, implies anti-expansion. Art implies skill. Education implies shared knowledge. But our cult and education has varied away from the shared experience of mutually understood associations to the imposition, on our appreciation, of layer upon layer of passively held opinions. No wonder the arts have taken to half-digested ideologies which turn the arts and education left to right?

Aristotelian imagery, traditional experience, has been shifted by education in favour of indoctrinated personal experience. Commercial pop, political pop information, mass television and the ready read paperback have replaced the old ways of sharing. How can people read Marx or Brecht or Mao without an understanding of their heritage?

The theatre can help us to share the experience we value, to celebrate our links to family and community, to focus on those dignified human actions which are repeated in all political systems and to direct attention to the possibility of a world whose ideals are based on mercy, pity, peace and where as few people as possible will think that they had never been born.

Ideology which helps us focus on these goals is worth more than a present thought. Most west ideology simply serves as a way of rationalising our own prejudices, over-simplifications and righteous doses to others and serves as a substitute for a cold hard look at the facts.

If politics is the art of survival, art when it seeks to be judged in political terms is the politics of self-subtance.



FOOTNOTE

This article owes a great deal to many conversations with John Willett, who is co-director of the production of "Panta" which will open next year.

The APG's *Kudnayte* Mirror Show
— 1977. Photo: Patch Hyden



Scenes from Wilf Chilcott's
The Threepenny Opera



Mick Rodger



The first thing that one notices about Melbourne Theatre Company director, Mick Rodger, is his lack of pretension. He is in no way precious. These quirks, mannerisms, tics and idiosyncrasies that are associated with the popular caricature of the stage director are not found in Mick Rodger at all. Publicly, he looks normally and gently; he seems content to be what he is — an extremely talented, nice bloke.

Right now, Rodger's version of Alan Ayckbourn's *Audrey Rosebud* is playing at the Royal Street Theatre, and Rodger is rehearsing his next play, Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*, which will open at the Athenaeum on September 3. Certainly, Mick Rodger has both hands very full at the moment.

But, even when he is at his most frantic, Rodger manages to resemble my vision of Buddha in grass — a bunga, contented, zilly,

rather hairy, amused and gentle sort of tatteredness — although, to be fair, he is somewhat leaner than a straightforward Hobbit would consider ideal. This charming, friendly, eccentricity contains two of Rodger's most valuable qualities, the delightful irony of his humour, and his gift of observation.

Strong traces of both of these attributes can be found in a story that Rodger told me about a recent Saturday lunch at his favourite suburban pub.

"I'd eaten my meal," he said, "and I was sitting in the back bar drinking beer, reclining, and watching the people. Groups of people always fascinate me. Usually I begin to sense the odd atmosphere. Something seemed to be happening, but I couldn't tell what it was."

"Suddenly, an attractive blonde girl slumped onto the bar and began to take off her clothes. She dashed to the toilet from

the radio, and very well, too. Then a man joined her and the pair of them did a boisterous send-up of a bunga and grizzled sing. They were beautiful, very funny. The lovely thing about it was that the performance was natural. I knew that I couldn't have directed them to do a routine like that so perfectly. It was pure chance. The people in the bar just loved it."

There were, however, all fours, and during one of these I left the bar and took myself to the lavatory. One of the old, obese, hairy chaps from the front bar was there, a local. He made it quite clear that he abhorred the way I was dressed — my high boots and my jacket seemed to confirm him somewhat — and he started to insult me. First he called me a 'trotty' and when this didn't work he offend me his offensive name and called me an 'effing cowbag'.

"My God! I had to get up to take him into the back bar with me. All my clothes apart; the poor chap so much the worse in the back bar would have made him pass out!"

Mick Rodger started his life in England, thirty-five years ago. "I was born during a heavy rain," he says. "In Creek, of all places. Generally people only go through Creek when they're on their way to somewhere else."

Such was the case with the infant Rodger, who moved to Birmingham when he was three. He lived there with his father the Sunday nights that he spent in the Bell Ring, the hot chocolate, the speakers and the atmosphere of street theatre.

Rodger passed the 11+ examinations (which he regards as 'unquestioned') rather well, and won a scholarship to a grammar school. This surprised his entire family because he had shown no great potential at primary school. ("The family thought I was a dumb lad," he remembers, "and I tended to agree with them.") In those days, candidates for 11+ exams had to nominate three schools that they would like to attend if they were successful, and Rodger selected Handsworth Grammar, a Church of England school with an awesome academic record, as his first choice. He did this partly because of the money involved in the notion that a dumb lad could win his way to Handsworth, and he was amazed when he was accepted.

In 1956, Rodger's parents decided to emigrate to Australia, and the family settled in Adelaide. Instantly, Rodger found his way to Adelaide University, where he arrived as a medical student. However, he found the pressure of the first year's work to be so heavy that the course precluded any activity that was not directly related to study. He held the opinion that university life should offer more than hard work, that the auxiliary attractions of the campus were quite as vital for a rounded education as were forced lectures and tutorials, so he quit medicine and took up a more congenial option, Hobbies English.

"I was quite strange," he says. "When I had been at school I'd done a lot of debating, so, when I started the arts course, I decided to join the Debating Society. I found out that there was a meeting of the society, and I went along, but I got either the date or the room

presently one of the directors at the Melbourne Theatre Company

continued and I faced myself at a meeting of the Drama Society. I was immediately ashamed — as were everyone else in the room — for the forthcoming production of Webster's *The Duchess of Malfi*. Further more, I was cast as Antonio!

So, introduced to drama and the theatre by accident, Rodger found himself totally absorbed in a completely new world. "I never got to go to *An Inspector...* and I don't even know how I went. But, subsequently, I got to enjoy the acting. It was as if it had gripped the Praesidial Land. I thought I could be."

"I spent the next four years at university doing plays, getting better and learning, and finally I finished up as Jimmy Porter in *Last Night in Angel*. I felt an enormous identification with Jimmy. The play was fairly new then — it had only just started to be done in Australia — and the experience of acting in it made me think of *Olivieras* as a master." Now, however, Olivier is something of a disappointment to Rodger.

At the end of four happy years on the boards, Rodger graduated from university with honours in business. In doing so, he picked up a scholarship that carried with it a grant to be paid for further study overseas, so, in 1965, Rodger went to Oxford to study for his BA.

He arrived the great wave of Oxford comedy talent, by a couple of years and several thousand miles, and this may have contributed to his initial response to Oxford. "At first I thought I'd get only some kind of academic一杯水的 help. The thing that turned me off most of all was the Oxford academic atmosphere, which was so solidifying."

"To give an example — one of the first things that I did after I arrived was to look up the Oxford University Drama Society and get myself onto a show. This was the year of the OUSA '65 *Romeo and Juliet* to Edinburgh. My mind later — he was only two years older than me — was also my English tutor, and one day he took me aside and said, 'I understand you're dabbling in the theatre'. I admitted that that was the case. 'Look here,' he said, 'that sort of thing is all very fine for undergraduates, but post graduates should be beyond it. Amazing!'

Undeterred by this intellectual nobility, Rodger went on to direct plays for OUSA, and also for the Experimental Theatre Club. While his tutors were urging him towards an academic career, he was persuading theatre to be a living thing — something to be done rather than taught.

Oxford forced Rodger to be an attractive person. "One day I received the most astonishing invitation, 'You and friend attend a meeting of the Folly Five Club'. The meeting was at Christ Church which seems to be for well-to-do public school kids and the aristocracy, and I was from Bath, which the intellectual college I had to go past out of curiosity."

"Well, there was a dinner in progress at a long table, and around the table were assembled — I later discovered — the fifty five most important students of that particular year. Oh, the lady four most important, and we God knows how I was

selected, but it was interesting. I mean, there was I — off the radish left — talking to a group of the snobby about which way to pass the port!"

Strange stuff! But Oxford has its own strangeness, its own magic. The high-toned snobism of Oxford breeds its own world-wise free-spirited and young men, whether under or post graduate, can find the audience rejections. His can hardly be real if the world is not. Rodger rode in post-grads, travelled, and did what one would expect, and he also married. Perhaps significantly, he remembers attending the TVs *Joseph Lucy Film* (which was scripted by Harold Pinter) as being an accurate record of the "feeling" of the year at Oxford.

Rodger didn't come back to Australia immediately. By this time, he was a professional in the business, having won one of his earliest doctoral success in a student drama competition that was judged by the eponymous, mellifluous Arnold Hobson himself. Years later, when Rodger was a member of the ensemble at Stratford, he gathered his courage and approached Hobson at the theatre bar. "Oh, yes! Certainly! Hobson remembered Rodger. He remembered every detail of the play in question, and he was delighted that Rodger had appreciated him. What a character..."

In an effort to stay afloat and beat the banks at the money game, Rodger applied for — and won — a place in the 1979 Traverse Director's scheme, a position that gave him (as he puts it) a lock on the door. His claim is that he learned a lot there, but the truth is that he left the lights of television as rapidly as he could. He went back to the theatre, of course, back to the local theatre.

Rodger became involved in the success of the play, *Zoo Zoo Willowdown Zoo*, then did Hallie's *Earthquake and An Strugg Aginst the Kauri*, which had both a long run and a long run. He did *The Superintendent* (also as Willard, in repertory, then, in 1981), he presented to Tel Aviv's Court Road and a six month liaison with Charles Marowitz.

Marowitz is an director who starts — generally — with experimental writing. He tends to reconstruct classics, relying on his own ability to create experimental (rather than impersonal) interpretations of the key characters. I have wondered whether Rodger's recent *Richard III* used anything at all from Marowitz's influences.

Whatever, Rodger remembers Marowitz as an intellectual who had some considerable trouble communicating his abstract theories to the actors in his charge. Rodger was aware of the man's power, and of his importance, but he thought that the actors generally looked up enviously when directed by him. His own hand, friendly style may have evoked no contrast.

Mike Rodger then became enthused with the idea of taking theatre into the regions rather than waiting — as most of his fellow directors were — towards bringing audiences into the city. He found himself at the head of a company called East Midlands Mobile Arts (EMMA) which was dedicated to mobility and adaptability. EMMA mounted short plays,



Bruce Myles in Rodger's *Richard III*
Photo: David Parker

for short runs, usually to educated theatre audiences, and not with success. Theatre was working for the profits.

Now Mike Rodger is actually an Assistant Director — with Bruce Myles — of the Melbourne Theatre Company. But what's in a name? Both Bruce and Mike are busy directors, both seem to have unassimilated the appellation "Assistant".

Rodger takes the qualified pause of the actress for a brief between *Olivieras* with the confused aplomb and resignation of the veteran. "Frankly, I'm quite pleased with the reception, although I do feel that the problem with Kykurovane is that he's unrepresented in this country. In Melbourne, the critics seem to believe that if something is funny, it's trivial."

His current project is *Osvaldo Mink Wood*, a play that he considers to be far for the ear and not for the eye. The problem, he thinks, is to find a visual balance, and to do this, he proposes a system of half masks for the cast ("he says than dashing on and off stage changing costume, the down thing, will just become an atheist costume"). Sixty seven characters are allotted to the play, by says, and most of them speak. He plans to perform the play with a cast of thirteen. (The current production of *Osvaldo Mink Wood* at London's Mayfair theatre uses only six performers for the thirty nine voices that are represented.)

The future? Rodger plans to take twelve months off for a serious writing project. He says that he has twenty-one separate ideas for plays, and that all of his writing is the time to get his head down. His current favourite of the twenty-one is a play about Brecht, particularly the angry chapter-tion *Revol* of the late years. He relishes the idea of having time to write.

Mike Rodger may well have become an academic had he not been disenchanted by some of the negative aspects of the Oxford hierarchy, however, and had he not become so enthused with the art of the theatre.

Rodger left and over he, as it were, and for one can glad be it.

Lynette Curran (Fried) and John Bowman (Neill) in MTC's *Anton Chekhov's Doubts*
Photo: David Parker



International

When I last wrote for these pages I was complaining about how cold it was in New York, now I'm complaining how hot it is. The air conditioners grind away chribbling on the passersby, but they seem to have no little effect upon the stifling heat it's not the heat, it's the humidity as the heat has on the eager theatre audiences. There are few empty seats. The heat of course enhances the stench of urine as most of the streets around Times Square, and now more and more unconscious bodies sprawled on the streets than in winter, but mutants mutants, everything is normal, and not to worry.

As a brief post-script to my last article, one of the plays I reported on, and with last year's *Cold Storage* by Ronald Hartman, has been so successful that it moved out of the American Place Theatre and into a Broadway house and continues to be successful. Larry Gelbart's *My Fair* with George C Scott helmed by Broadway man and a new as ever, Garry who's playing Volpone now, Jackie Gleason which strikes me as only slightly less ludicrous than the role being played by Jackie Gleason, or, to be truthful anyone else unfortunate enough to be called Jackie.

A Cleo Laine is still running and is still the hottest ticket in town. Her momentum has created the latest hot ticket in town, Bob Fosse's *Demon*, which fairly anti-establishment that didn't do very big in New York three days. The *Mojo*, the black version of *The Wizard of Oz*, which also has a great deal of dancing, is still packing them in and their attitudes have been made to accommodate a few extra audience. Carol Channing is once more doing *Hello Dolly!* (oh, and god, I can hardly get that one out! Val Beynon is once more doing *The King and I* which will get the Broadway ladies sport on Wednesday afternoon. The manufactured on-demand musical *Annie*, which had just opened when I last wrote, her *Pearl Australia* is still running and in (therefore) a bit, Little Orphan Annie the shorts and Sandy dolls are selling terribly.

I shall focus my comments on three new plays one by an American, one by a Canadian, and one by a Hungarian. They each received very good notices by the New York press.

A Life in the Theater is by David Mamet, a young Chicago playwright, who is gaining quite a following. He has had one large success, *American Buffalo*, and several lesser successes. *A Life in the Theater* stars Lee Purcell who, just when we thought he was out of our lives forever, like a bad penny, manages to return. The play is about two thirty actors, one an older, experienced actress, and the other a young man, just starting out at the profession, and their apprenticeship backstage. With just that much information anyone with just a modicum of imagination could shake up some kind of story dealing characterly with the young man's rite of passage and his education in "the". I suspect that the author may have had that in mind, but he was not able to execute the idea because they both of one another, the older actor accusing the younger of nose-tinkering they tell bad

New York, New York

From Al Werner in the U.S.A.

When I last wrote for these pages I was complaining about how cold it was in New York, now I'm complaining how hot it is. The air conditioners grind away chribbling on the passersby, but they seem to have as little effect upon the stifling heat it's not the heat, it's the humidity as the heat has on the eager theatre audiences. There are few empty seats. The heat of course enhances the stench of urine as the streets around Times Square, and now more and more unconscious bodies sprawled on the streets than in winter, but mutants mutants, everything is normal, and not to worry.

plus, and looking somewhere just over the horizon is Prodigy.

John Lee Beatty's on, which is clearly the most creative element in the production, must not go unnoticed. What we see is an excellent reproduction of "backstage" — behind the curtain, but the curtain not between the actors and us, but rather the curtain between the actors and an imaginary "audience" upstage. Then, when the actors "play" a scene, it is not to us, but to the imaginary "audience" — the actors' backs are to us. When the curtain goes up we see a wonderfully costumed, blackened audience, complete with lighting instruments staring in our eyes and even "out" signs.

Gaspay is by the Hungarian Irvin Orkony, and stars Helen Burns. I had heard nothing of the author nor the leading actress prior to seeing the show. I was attracted to it because John Simon, the critical lion of New York, who, when he presents the cream around Shubert Alley, his goals the less developed than only recently dropping from Broad Way, carries playgrounds to tremble, and actors especially actresses whose breasts appeal addition to what they may have been) to go onto hysterics, declared it the best play of the season, and Ms Burns the best actress. This same Mr Simon had the authority to make disparaging remarks about the clarity of the lyrics of Australia's own Gor Cadwell, but I must say that Mr John Simon is the only person ever to tell me a line in classical Greek, correct spelling case, everything.

Campsey is a comedy about a ugly the year old widow (Ms Burns plays her at about forty five) living in Budapest. Helen Burns plays the role of Rita Urban, a woman with a huge and aggressive sense of language, and a noticeable sense of fiction. That she is the love in love with Victor Vreček — "a huge lump of pink flesh — he'll love him" — the discarding grey rag of a housefrock, her motherless jumper, and her orthopaedic combs/bands, and then, first a peach-coloured hem, with high-heeled shoes in which she can hardly stand erect, and then an aquamarine partition with stripes that would enhance a football field. This attendent looking rather

like Blasphemous Stupacson only not so pretty, she goes to hear Victor sing in recital. That evening her bare friend visits Victor's room, and in open violation she changes a whole bottle of what she believes are sleeping pills into a ring, then fills the ring with chicken soup, and bathes it in a glop. "Not bad," she remarks, and then lies down to die, swinging her legs, waiting for Death's big grip to feel her up. Of course sugar pills will give you gas.

There are at least two later notes, one in the direction and the other in the script. Much of the play's dialogue takes place between Rita and her sister who is living in Germany. During those scenes the sister is on-stage and they speak to one another, but they do not see one another. This can be excused perhaps, as a mere convention, but it is very confusing in that we cannot figure out how they are communicating, whether by telephone, letter, or telepathy. Better directions could probably solve this problem. Not so easily solved, however, is the playwright's total avoidance of the political situation in Hungary. This may make his Communist captain happy, but to me it is a present lie. The play takes place in the 1960s, when Hungary was enslaved even more brutally than it is today, yet Mr Orkony presents that Rita is living in a free country, with good middle-class values, and that she could travel to visit her sister in Germany any time she chooses.

One does not think of Jack Lemmon as a stage actor and with good reason. In a professional acting career that began in the early 1950s, Mr Lemmon has appeared in only half a dozen stage plays. He is of course the brother of that famous title, "Superstar". But only the title is dazzling. He has created (or not) some of the most memorable film roles in recent decades. His portrayal of the drunk in *Days of Wine and Rosé* is undoubtably etched in my memory. His partner exception with a lapsed but not lost sense of morality in *The Apartment* was fine. I think that *Save the Tiger* is one of the most under-rated films of recent years. So, Lemmon is a film actor par excellence, but can he act? Seldom are great films square great actors, or even actors Clark Gable or Gary Cooper could

set, as the song goes, set their way out of a wet paper bag. Fragile-looking stage actors had easily in him. Oliver and Richardson can do both with grace, as could Brando before he uninterpretable the term *grace*, which was so frequently applied to him, thinking it referred to his intellect. But the first is grace, and one can never know whether a film actor can act until he appears on the stage.

After having seen *Tribute* with Jack Lemmon, I never get less on the same bat with Oliver, Richardson, and Brando. One day not long ago Lemmon received a manuscript from a "B Stage" from Edmonton, Canada. The opening note said simply, "I wrote this for you so I thought I'd let you repeat it." It *Stade* happens to be Bernard Stade, the author of *Time Will Tell*, which is in its fourth year on Broadway. Such modesty is surely un-American. The manuscript was *Tribute*, and Lemmon thought enough of it, and was courageous enough to move his family from Hollywood to New York. We are the richer for that decision.

Tribute is a good solid, purpose-oriented play, traditional, perhaps a trifle too slick, and less interestingly built, but I wouldn't want Mr. Stade to change a word of it. When the final curtain fell I was

sobbing like a baby, and having seen it at a matinee performance, I had to walk down 47th Street in broad daylight, more positively courting down my stocks. *Tribute* could be classified, I guess, as a serious comedy, but then all good comedies are serious, only tragedy can afford the freedom. *Tribute* is not play, and therefore can be quickly summarized. Scotty Terapian (he deserves a better name), played by Mr. Lemmon as aлик man who has achieved whatever material success he has won not through ability, but because everybody loves him, because just to be with him is the rage now. His only gift, as Maud Crawford said her way, is a talent to serve. The only one who is not amused by Scotty's antics is his son Jim, a twenty-two year old right-angled prep kid, the child of a former marriage, comes to visit his father for a week between university terms. They have not spoken another for several years and do not know one another.

Early in the piece we learn that Scotty is dying of leukemia. The dramatic problem, then, is that father and son must discover their love for one another before the fatalities. The dramatic focus of *Tribute* is an evening in which all of Scotty's friends (see the audience) visit the Brooks Atkinson Theatre and pay tribute to the dying, dear

man, who has no other great known surviving heirs. His life is reviewed, both in direct address to us and in dreamlike flashback. The climax of the play, which is withheld to the very last instant, is the reconciliation between father and son. In the last scene, after having begun medical treatment for the disease, we see the ravages of cancer in Scotty for the first time. Lemmon's technical mastery of playing a dying man is brilliant, and a classic to the end, as he is taking his final exit, embracing his son, his mother falls down. Presumably to this only Chaplin has been able to teach me that I did not know whether I was laughing or crying.

I am not prepared to laud Stade a genius. It seems to me that Lemmon's acting is as crucial to the success of the production as the play itself, and for that reason alone I doubt that *Tribute* will become part of our standard theatrical literature. But in the age where "imagination", as a career low unspired, is valued above craftsmanship, where the "idea" is paramount and the execution is an afterthought, Mr. Stade deserves our tribute. Stade and Lemmon serve one another very well, along with the fast direction of Arthur Storch. The inspiration was there, god knows, but so was the hard, careful work.



Betty Horner and Helen Bonet at Longplay Promenade Theatre, New York.
Photo: Gerry Goodstein

AUSTRALIA COUNCIL

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THE GODMOTHER
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Morris Dees, John Noller, Irene Isquierdo (Wilson Quan), Edward Hargrove, Christy Mathewson, John Lewis (Honors Blakely), Judith McGrath (Susan Brugh), and Sally Callell (Gwen Tansey) in the NBC's *Playboy Of The Western World*.

Dominique Pichot

A one level production

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD.

卷之三

For the day of the interview should be John Williamson Young
Mathematics Project Leader, Australian Bureau of Meteorology,
No. 100 St Kilda Road, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

Player Relations and Player Value. *Rugby World*,
Long, Steven. *Sporting Motion: Sports, Ethics,
and Management*. Champaign, IL: Human Kinetics.
Lundström, Carl. *What Matters: Issues and
Controversies in Education*. Malmö: Edizioni
Borgmästaren, Walter. *Open Space Leadership*. Old Westbury:
New York Institute of Technology.
Miles, Michael B.; Huberman, Martin A., and Saldaña, *Qualitative Data Analysis: An Integrative Approach*. Thousand Oaks, CA: Sage.
Trotter, Robert. *Teaching English as a Foreign Language*. New York: Routledge.
Ward, Christopher. *Practical English*. London: Hodder Arnold.
Ward, Christopher. *Practical English*. London: Hodder Arnold.

The prospect of seeing another production of John Milder's *Symp's The Playboy of the Western World* did not exactly fill me with enthusiasm. Its expense and currency — like much of James Barrie's

work — tends to make me squirm unmercifully.

The desire of a man supposed to be born-worshipped because he has failed his father, than scorned by his lady love who it turns out he hasn't, then again about to be lynched by the locals God by sad grille where his second strength appears. Born successful, is a difficult one for me to swallow. Yet despite an improbable run he was based on events related to Syringa

The mid-section of *The Playboy* are of course Syng's wonderful lyrical and almost musical phrases and word imagery. To do full justice to that truly calls for a full-blooded rock company; there is no sense in underlining experience. Putting such a company, it would for rather read all play on private

To add further to my anxiety, on studying the programme I discovered young Chitty was to be played by an actor twice the correct age, his father by someone I would imagine to be younger than the Chitty, and the Welsh Queen—described by Sykes as about 30, by an actress (or in the too aged) rather

www.ianhat.com

All in all then my views were far from favourably inclined towards the production. I wish, in retrospect, I could report the end could was complete satisfaction.

What emerged was a very competitive, straightforward staging of the play by Ray Lawler. For those unfamiliar with *The Playboy* — if able to follow fully the competitive, effervescent Irish accents — a much-needed intermission was provided.

To me it appeared very much a one-hundred production, rather uninteresting, and without hardly any sparks generating. Different questions might have been suggested by those coming fresh to the play. I hope so. Judging from the ignorance of the first night audience there must have been several others sharing my apprehensions.

My forebodings about the casting were swept aside — at least in the case of Chrisey and the Widow Quin. The Old Master of Michael Edge I was less happy with despite a greying beard his face often looked ten years; his general demeanour not really reassuring, nor was he aged

enough socially.

The Playboy is usually apathetic Pagans' Mike's play — the girl who, skipping her local interests, leaves all set to make with Chintz. It is Pagans who has demonstrated other projections I have seen, and seems to have in all the well known productions of the play. Muriel O'Neill — with whom Sybil was in love — occupied the role, and almost certainly it was written with her in mind. It is a part which Sebastian McKeane has played on several occasions, and been returned to by Irish critics as 'the definitive Pagans' Mike'.

I personally found Lucy Walford's interpretation far too uncertain and subdued, sounding sometimes to take no hardware at all in proceedings. Maybe that was the

effect Lawler intended.

Certainly this 'descriptability' of Pagans increased the stature of Chintz, and it was quite easy for that excellent actor Edwin Hodgkinson (looking hardly a day over twenty) to delineate and present on several occasions the evening's only firework. Had he been matched in performance by the rest of the cast (indeed his genes alone with little luggage as Wulver Quin came near to being highlighted), then a really memorable evening may have resulted.

I doubt if many (or any) other productions of this play could boast such a random handout set of a team as that designed by Tony Trapp Bowden very 'low' looking and hardly colouring up a

'lived-in' atmosphere). Cut away halfways along the back wall, it provided an outside doorway and wall and sparse vegetation (as well as sky and moon), thus giving extra acting areas.

Many in the audience must have puzzled over words and phrases which frequently made it seem as if was being performed in a foreign language. Words such as Shabbes, ley, pessach, mordet, tsimtsh, chassidic, sognos, rabbish, canapé, borris, shnayd, sheph, hosh, etc. It might have been useful had the programme included a glossary similar to that printed when the St Martin's Theatre Company (then the Little Theatre) staged the play in 1961.

representation. In Lucy's excessively warped and doleful boozey people are ruthlessly, relentlessly thrown in their own webs. They cope with the seemingly impossible through stratifying ingenuity and resilient fact. Characters take it on the nose and leave facts. The sufferers are not selected. The sufferers and fools are those who live lives or create them. The rules of the game are the game. Severity entails immediate disqualification.

Aus Steppenwolfs is not a farce. It is serious. Yet it is still light and serious, and becomes less light and more serious as the play unfolds. The sufferers are seen increasingly to suffer; in this case Vera, Dennis's psychologically status and crumbling wife. *Aus Steppenwolfs* is a curiously crafted and deceptively bland piece of comic realism. After a curiously expansive, padded and brief first scene, the play gradually gathers depth and

strength.

The drama concentrates on two middle suburban couples, Ned and Paul, Vera and Dennis, along with Dennis's emotional persona of a mother, Marlene. Ned is gayly and resourceful, Dennis is pacy and craven, a bungling muddlehead and coward who spends most of the time tinkering in a garage/workshop. The women are wellloved by and alienated from their callous spouses. Paul regards by becoming more and more independent. Vera, with the extra burden of the possessive and capricious Marlene, cracks and retreats into herself.

The dominant physical image of the play is a small black car standing in the middle of the garage. It is Vera's hardly used and neglected vehicle, it is the sole. Ned wishes to purchase the car for his wife, who has no need of the dung, and sees it as a token gesture towards independence. The garage/workshop encloses all the certainties of a locked male world — the main portals are guarded so it is impossible to take the car for a test drive, the other doors also just and can only be opened with considerable force.

Dennis's mother is one of those unfortunate women for whom no wife is perfect enough for her son; she has never allowed the telephone cord to be cut, worse still, she has wrapped it tightly around her personality and pinched. Her disease is her every move in a paranoid state of except, semi-hysteria, madly laughing at Vera's growing inadequacies, particularly her overzealous spilling and dropping of everything within sight.

Dennis's thuggery is both deserved and cruel. At the end of the play he offers his wife a memorable triple birthday cake with a single candle. She blows it out, and so snuffles out her spirit. Paradoxically, Dennis has just freed the garage doors and offered the car as a gift to Paul and Ned. It is clearly too late. The slatternly car in female urban soil and human span, will certainly gather dust, rust, and disintegration for the rest of time.

Not a cheerful play, but effective in that its themes are masterly and directly integrated there for the apprehension and not schematically or teleologically imposed. It is an acid critique of the shifting, seedy, sexually obsessed urban womb which makes parametric enough of its men and drives its beddedown daughters to the wall.

Gradually gathers depth and strength

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

DALE HIBBERD

AN IRISH DRAMA IN ONE ACT. Written by Michael Glavin. Directed by Dennis Ghosh. MTC, 1980. Cast: Dennis Ghosh (Dennis), Ian Freud (Vera) and Lynette Curran (Paul). Photo: David Parker

I am no expert on Alain Ayckbourn's work before *Aus Steppenwolfs*. Otherwise I had rather read nor seen a single Scarborough farrago. Fiction, especially in the French tradition, is a lofty form. If it is an edifying antidote to the adored, gauze and sentimentally reverent world of natural



John Bowman (Ned) Dennis Ghosh (Dennis), Ian Freud (Vera) and Lynette Curran (Paul) in MTC's *Aus Steppenwolfs*. Photo: David Parker

It is the bourgeois pete of the unassisted male chauvinist piglet. Admittedly, Flora gets some measure of freedom and soliloquy at the end, yet will remain somewhat compromised as long as she is tethered to her indeligible set of principles.

Toppier and bittersweet gags are kept to a retarding minimum in this production. The cast are scrupulous in their orchestrated reverence to the essential seriousness of the play. The comedy only happens in where it ticks along and bubbles, a faint possibly more in the writing than performance and direction. Dennis Ober, whose conception of Dennis's birthright, ledged in overexcess and overcooked the night I saw the production, largely in the first half. This perhaps aside, the whole of the cast is much more than satisfactory. If anyone had to be plucked out of an even team, it must be Ian Frazer for his strong, assured, affecting and ultimately poignant *Vivian Grey*. Dennis Oberholser is an excellent plug with which to needle and confront the two-car-margarine-loving Lampers of the MTC.

Time to enjoy WHITTLE FAMILY SINGERS

REGAL RICE

This is one of the original "new wave" theatre restaurants of Melbourne. It began five years ago in a renovated milk bar in metropolitan Fitzroy. The shop seats fifty and has a revolving carry-out in the front window. Inside is its painted bright red and decorated with upcycled old circus posters.

The food is home-made and handily portioned and there is no excellent choice for each of the courses by menu, course, Human Milk, Roast Lamb, Hot Clocking Crepes, or Cheese Petit. As well, delicious appetisers are served to begin, and you are given ample time to talk and simply enjoy things... a change from the galloping pace of other theatre restaurants. The table service too is both friendly and efficient.

Since its inception the Trappists has been a training ground for top new talent and the present group, "The Whittle Family Singers", are not an exception. They are free-spirited musicians who present a resounding show. The first part, called "Old Farts", is a send-up of the traditional talent quest. Performers seen include Terry Penfold James, Mack the Spoon, the Daring McFadua, and singing duo Dan and David. In the second half the group become the Whittle family on tour in outback Australia.

The group have a good comic cause and rapport but I feel that a director less performing would articulate the comedy a little more keenly than it is at present. There is a need for them to be more orchestrated, to use some of the energy lost through overlap of lines and action. Apart from this they show inventious promise.

Commercial success and dull routine

CROWN MATRIMONIAL HAY FEVER

COLIN A. ULRICH

Crown Matrimonial by Roger Wright. Music: Michael Pergamans. Produced by Peter Tindall. Directed by David Morris. Opened 17 May 1980.出品人: 彼得·廷德尔。导演: 大卫·莫里斯。音乐: 迈克尔·佩加曼斯。制作: 罗杰·赖特。

Hay Fever by William Shakespeare. Adapted by John Barton. Directed by John Barton. Set design by John Madson. Costumes by Linda MacIntosh. Lighting by Peter J. Smith. Sound by Michael J. Williams. Stage manager: David C. H. Jones. Press agent: Debbie Wertheimer. Cast: John Gielgud, Helen Mirren, Lillian Baylin, Richard Burton, Judi Dench, Sir Ralph Richardson, Dame Joan Plowright.

At the National

In a room by itself London's Old Vic Theatre (open 1950) opened 2 August 1980. Director: Peter Hall. Designer: Michael W. Williams. Musical: David Puglisi. Stage manager: David C. H. Jones. Press agent: Debbie Wertheimer. Cast: John Gielgud, Helen Mirren, Lillian Baylin, Richard Burton, Judi Dench, Sir Ralph Richardson, Dame Joan Plowright.

At the Royal

In a room by itself London's Old Vic Theatre (open 1950) opened 2 August 1980. Director: Peter Hall. Designer: Michael W. Williams. Musical: David Puglisi. Stage manager: David C. H. Jones. Press agent: Debbie Wertheimer. Cast: John Gielgud, Helen Mirren, Lillian Baylin, Richard Burton, Judi Dench, Sir Ralph Richardson, Dame Joan Plowright.

At the Lyric

In a room by itself London's Old Vic Theatre (open 1950) opened 2 August 1980. Director: Peter Hall. Designer: Michael W. Williams. Musical: David Puglisi. Stage manager: David C. H. Jones. Press agent: Debbie Wertheimer. Cast: John Gielgud, Helen Mirren, Lillian Baylin, Richard Burton, Judi Dench, Sir Ralph Richardson, Dame Joan Plowright.

At the National

In Schiller's Mary Stuart, the imperious Queen of Scots comes face to face with her captor and rival, Elizabeth II. Not surprisingly the spikiness historically is in full. The ladies never end. In the theatre, however, it makes for drama.

Roger Wright's *Crown Matrimonial*, a satire about the abdication of Edward VIII, the act that (eventually) gave us Elizabeth II. Mrs Simpson, the object of the King's affection, is a figure of influence, but referred to as "vagina". She cannot appear because Mr Wright's script is impaled only by dramatic logic, but by protocol Queen Mary wouldn't like it.

And because it didn't happen that? The future Duchess of Windsor and Her Majesty never knew each other. (Though they did meet once, at a reception for the Duchess of Kent, Queen Mary, in a scene not in this production says, "I can remember nothing about her"). *Crown Matrimonial* outshines its new form, makes up now, taken no notice has no new of the abdication nor Edward, nor Queen Mary (except that they were jolly good sorts), and that they had conflicts and problems, and after a while the questions have had steadily conversations nothing all our old long-held theories about the dynamics of the royal.

The tale is told from the point of vantage of the family, in Queen Mary's private sitting room at Marlborough House, and the royal exchanges have all the assurance of dialogue balloons in a classic comic. At one point, commenting on Mrs Simpson's divorce, Queen Mary exclaims: "To do so can only be allowed in the most terrible of circumstances, but to break your marriage vow twice, to divorce twice, is unforgivable".

This Olympian pronouncement, despite

its no doubt unexceptionable source, might likely be said to stand some way behind Lady Bracknell's "To live one year, Mr Worthing, may be regarded as a minor sin, to lose both looks like carelessness". However a vague similarity suggests to me that *The Queen* may have seen *The Importance of Being Earnest* at the Old Vic at some stage, a theory which, however tried and unsupported by official records of the time, is a lot more interesting than anything in *Crown Matrimonial*. Giving a bit further, perhaps it was the performance at which Lillian Baylin, grand old dame of the Vic told her royal visitor to "carry home what you've got to give the King his line". My British audience: no mention of this either.

In London, during the recent Jubilee, *Crown Matrimonial* was given at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, a most beautiful venue with a proscenium stage. The picture of that production shows a fine, tasteful, relatively cluttered room. In the York Theatre, at the Seymour, on a vast open stage, its intimacy is possible and furniture is of necessity, kept to a minimum. And the acres of red carpet, discreetly placed tables and lamps, the sun and shiny look of everything, makes it seem as if the family were living in an ideal homes exhibition.

However, Peter Wilson's cast is decent, his direction sound, and whilst it seems to me that the play wasn't worth doing (something you may have already guessed), nevertheless, he has achieved what he set out to do, in not eating up public money in the process, and clearly deserves a commercial success. And that brings us to the Old Vic.

Here we have yet another nail in the coffin of the immortal (but nearly killed) organisation. A boring, clichéd production in which there is more evident care in the sun (rather magnified and enhanced) growth than anything else and in which Noel Coward's 1925 weekend in the country, a "classic" comedy, perhaps his best play, lies ground in the dust, reduced to the rubble of dull routine.

Judith Blax, a retired actress, her precocious children, Simon and Sorel, and her kindly husband live at Cookham, in the English countryside. Being, as the surface at least, firmly individualistic, and somewhat eccentric, they have each invited a partner for the weekend, for Judith, Sandy Tyrell and a young "her", for Simon the vamp Myra, daughter Sorel has naive diplomat Richard, and husband David a flapper, Jackie Cervini. As far as the Blax family is concerned all four visitors are uncharingable, likely to be the object of affection or the subject of interest, one moment, and then totally ignored.

As Katherine Breckinridge has pointed out, in *The Australian* the Blax family is

really an ensemble. "Brought up in a shared imaginative world, they are incapable of cooperation in everyday realities but fall, as if by telepathy, into harmony when playing out their games of emotion." Ted Craig's production doesn't suggest for a moment that Judith, David, and the two children share anything in common other than Michael O'Kane's artificial setting, and indeed anything is what parents, but this odd family, as it should, has the superficial performances of the actors.

Another big problem is that, in *My Fair*, at least, Connell's lines are not all that funny on the surface. What is funny is the self absorption, and self glorification of the characters. In such actors who can play off the lines, and sometimes a little away from what is being said. As Judith, Patricia Kennedy is all voice, the tweepsy and glibbed and grandiose the dialogue as if the text was an afterbed of wet, as though aristocracy was all. She needs director to tell her to take it easy, to throw things away, to relax. Then this actress might find the diffuses which makes Judith's regulations between ridiculous for the reality of her situation at a country house and her fantasy about a return to the stage with the attendant acting out of her old account to funny. Ms Kennedy needs to discover the silliness of this ex actress who is always "on".

However talented an actor or director is, he can't do comedy like this without a sense of the absurd. That's just no business behind this production. Connie Hobbs as a maid proves that a brassy imperiousness and a bouncy walk are not necessarily amazing. Moreover she has no English accent. Why, in a "proper" company was this performance allowed? The Blue Ishtar and children are adorable. Barry Otto as the dim Sandy has some good bits but is quickly forgettable. Ronald Fahl, who can be extraordinarily amusing, is merely adequate at the moment. And though Suzanne Rayman, as the Flapper, is comical, her performance owes more to her fairy Queen hair and gownque make up than anything else, than anything actually going on in the play.

Judy Nunn as the shifty Maya, best reflects the uncertain tone of the proceedings. In the first act her self interest is not confined to maneuvering herself into the Elton household, it's a self interest in herself which extends to a kind of self conceit. Actually, Maya is thinking, and Ms Nunn lets us hear the wheels turning over. On the First night she managed odd readings that were very funny and may change on the lines but in the later scenes this little actress was unable to keep it up, and became unconvincing like everyone else.

The direction leaves the cast sitting dead standing around. Little in the circumstances or situations is properly used, nothing builds up (the "classics" come in the second act especially fruitfully), no humour is even extracted from the (relatively) witty costumes. Not only is the play looking in comic business, it's just not funny, not only is there no spark of bouncy banded, there's no class vital; it's leaden, clumsy

My Fair. Like the Old Tote has a deficit of laughs (though there are a few).

Why don't the consumers who now mean about the possible demise of the Tote considerate a whole long while ago. (Indeed almost long the beginning of its history), about the underprivileged standards, about the fact that while it became an "organisation", it never, though in good periods, was a company; that it never had a great period, never developed a house

style, never deserved to survive. *My Fair* is by no means the worst in a long line of bad "classic" productions. At least artistic standards, whatever the financial situation, might be a relevant defense against the actions of the *Angusite* Committee. But can one seriously suggest that, bar the odd producer here and there over the years, the artwork of the Tote has added much to the artistic life of Sydney? I rather think not.

Stature to the pleasurable AS YOU LIKE IT

ROBERT PAGE

As You Like It by William Shakespeare MELT at the State Theatre Auditorium, 188 Pitt Street, Sydney 1000. Directed by Andrew Miller. Set by John Gurney. Stage Manager: Anne Radford. Lighting: Stephen Bryant-Jones. Costumes: Angela French. Lila, Valentine: Rosalind: Robert Alexander. Orlando: Robert Campbell. Duke: Paul Dombrovski. John Marples, Charles Brown, Bill Hartshorne, Peter Hall, Alan Parker, Peter Jurasik, Michael Ullman, Murray Mackay, others: Jim and Helen Bassett. Production:

After a sober, highly acclaimed *Master Class*, Anthony Mellett has given us an *As You Like It* which equally commands serious consideration. This production overall, was played in the modern rehearsal style — as circumstances now in the high reverberant space of a doubleago.

It appears then, that here Shakespeare, with sixteen plays experience, was claiming an ability to please one and all. It has been treated as one of his "happy comedies". But in place in the action, only one play between it and *Twelfth*, and no sophistication suggest a deeper response is required.

To me, and not alone, this is Shakespeare's most acute and all-encompassing exploration of sexual relationships. The



Angela French (Rosalind) and Andrew Sharp (Orlando) in *As You Like It* directed by Andrew Mellett at State Theatre, 1 August to 25 August.

implied setting of course reflects on the people that move in it, and the forest is no Golden Age scenario but a place of "water and rough weather," where the spread stag is good and animals expand for man's benefit, when nature's creatures wait for the stormy and tempestuous road humans. It underscores that Rosalind's "return to nature" stated before it was even uttered.

If the forest is a more brutally and more fully fully conceived one than the Italy of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, it serves as an symbolic purpose — as a metaphor of the relationships and facets of sexuality — it is at a stage further on than the adolescent signs of the forest in the earlier play. Here, even on the level of "straight" relationships, the viewpoint is both wider and more hard-hittingly objective.

Alan Jones' set, for all, in Arden, a rustic, open acting space, landscaped luxuriously with a big coloured carpet, had the visual effect more of a trashy romp than a rich and dangerous retreat with not even the coded worn of Monk's Dream to suggest otherwise. In effect on the production was to create the full sense of danger — actions would prove on an shaggy path.

Careful that, the relationships followed me. On the most basic level — and the exception because of Barry Walker's brilliant portrayal of the family bummer Lamp As You — there is Touchstone's marriage purely to satisfy social needs ("or less or beauty"). The nymph and nymph, Hali Charlton as a look, love him, older Silvia and Jaques. While a prancing-dandified Photo, are the type, says Rosalind, "that make the wood full of ill-favoured children" — not a hint of the incident with these two.

At the centre in Rosalind, Shakespeare's most magnificent female — pretty, witty, wise, perceptive, yet also playful, loving and true. Angela Pleasance's beautiful young figure, her large eyes and dimpled sparkling the most adorable, her allurement and vivacity, served the part better than I have seen in many a day. Through her enhanced the maturity and lack of delusion that not only prove Rosalind in the position of puppet — master in writing out the relationships, but rightly wins her the position of relationships. Her awareness and role playing as Cressende/Rosalind, allows her link of establishing the theatrical — in Restoration fashion — before the romatic ending has gone at the back shall have full resolution. Shakes speaks from this "being happily ever after" might serve as a conventional full stop but he punctuates it in advance as not being true to the way of the world.

Explained on the play too, as a programme note suggested though the gender issues are not aspects of male and female sexuality which remain the interests today. Despite the wacky Viennese/Greek brought to the part of Celia, as friend, confidante and fellow exile, the director did not want to make much of the implied satirisation the tech for Rosalind. In her position of Orlando, her self-imposed exile, that the bulk of them as Jaques' house (who does the chariot of the god of love), something more than trudging?

The same applies to Rosalind/ Cressende with Orlando. Again the youth's name is that of mortal boy roles by love to have an affair with him. Can Shakespeare have overlooked the significance? Orlando is a character and we remember the playwright's own instruction for a boy in his own words: A guy Andrew Sharp — otherwise suitably youthful-looking as Orlando — wasn't given the part here.

Such explanations are not in any sense used or staged as prepared, on the contrary they give the play its sense of fulness. And if we believe that the neighborhood players (play on Jaques — itself) has Portney's complaint that Shakespeare has rung all possible changes in human sexual proclivities.

If that aspect was underplayed then the court/forest contrast was overplayed, and again much of the problems rests with the setting. For the courtly multiple vegetation blinds were used to indicate upper and exterior, but which created tight little problems and cramped the area for the writing scene. A second stage gave the about the need atmosphere of that expressive replacement of the entire Ardenwood.

On the one hand thus Miller seemed to try his hand too far and on the other not far enough. That — coupled with the establishment manner which can look undramatic — made the director appear over and then unable to distinguish between noted class and gentry. For instance the change of having Robert Alexander, as Jaques, play *Shakespeare's Person* in the forest made for an delicious moment of a running performance, when playing Oberon/Mustard (Hon Rodger) as Orlando's wicked brother in dispute land on a Sprigglewood around nearby parties.

But like Anteros in *Midsummer Night's Dream*

Miller was keeping at his up his sleeve. He reserved his blakster vein of the plot, apart from the unsatisfactory opening scene, for his disturbing finale when a howling wind, not entire dance music, accompanied the final couplings. Over the shoulder that (using on the head of the audience) comes ending, demonstrating as reproductive powers, just instance to what seemed up to that point only that (mostly) pleasurable.

Generally a well-tailored who-dun-it CATCH ME IF YOU CAN

ANTHONY KABILAY

Catch Me If You Can is Austin Powers' second movie for Women in Tales Oldies Movie Show Theatre Sydney Opera 2 July 10.30pm. Director: Michael Cimino. Screenplay: Steven Zaillian. Casting: Linda Lavin. Production design: Michael Wright. Music: Al Green. Film editor: Christopher Rouse. Producers: Ray Sharkey.

Catch Me If You Can, as the title豪傑之類的電影屬於 the 'Who-dun-it' genre — it is an addition one of those all

too well-made plays, spiced with comedy and flavor of a nutty American flavor. The "who-did-it" game is something we're all indulged at one time or another, a late night's reading, TV dinner with Columbus, even a winter's night wait in the theatre. The books reading society is an armchair's pleasure while the thoughtless chews on an apple, or bagel, television has covered the market with its innumerable supply of number-good guy cops whose singular charm is to save any and all possible. But the last hours hold the most promise — a direct engagement between spectators and actors, in the flesh entropic, a mix between audience and characters to uncover an inscrutable logic that evades us of a mystery surface.

The point of the piece is its literary and dramatic form is a simple enough business. One submits to the drama of plot which presents spaces with a typical domestic realism while dazzling, even titillate, others are flattered before one's very eyes, indeed frustratingly subtle and very now. But significantly while most of us fall victim to the seductive charms of the plot and largely, if passively, await the final curtain scenes there often resolved into an (often) all too ordered pattern and, in retrospect, we now see it at, good naturally winning aside those improbable details that were stretched and stuck so unconvincingly to keep us from the obvious. It follows that the test of a fine rate 'who-dun-it' is simply that it will stand up to a second inspection. And by extension that in the advantage of the detective force for even if the plot is too easily transparent we still marvel at the sleights of hand engineered by director and actors before our very eyes. This, in a good production, is by no means setting the second best.

The script of *Catch Me If You Can* has an impossibly probable plot. Daniel Corbin is greatly distraught when his wife Elizabeth vanishes after three days of honeymoon bliss. Elizabeth returns under the guiding eye of her body, Leah Fisher Kolker, except — it is not Elizabeth, it is an impostor, who in league with Corbin, grand swindler, will stop at nothing to get Corbin's paltry life insurance of \$100,000. Nor can Corbin, Corbin's claim that Elizabeth is not his real wife and things look grim indeed when his only witness, Sidney the local Deli-owner, is accidentally murdered and Corbin's boss seems Elizabeth's is the red string. Snapping about all the time is the not unscrupulous Inspector Lawton, who isn't that sheepish and barnacles the spring to plot reversal it's all a trap arranged by Lawton to force Corbin into the open, to break from his collecting that he has ingratiated Elizabeth to collect her not inconsiderable fortune — a cool half million.

All good and well except for the impossibly only final twist. The east-spoiling Elizabeth turns out to be (you couldn't guess it) no less than Inspector Lawton's wife, but (you must guess it) they are happily married to a Point belaboured following an otherwise neat reversal — the happy marriage is an affirmation through exactly of what odd circumstances. Maybe "Corbin does not play?"

Generally this is a well-rehearsed 'whodunit'. Tom Kammann's ingenious set expertly constructed by Mark Corcoran, uses the necessary mood of domestic friendliness as a spiffy meta backdrop to the threads of mystery and love on which the play so much depends. The original French script has been reprinted with a specifically American flavor to suit its Broadway run in the modern era. Of course, a 1978 production lacks something in this and I was surprised that Robert Laroche's notes on the book say... who is Mr Hugo anyway? More to the point though, the various stages instantly with the mystery, imposed by love rather than organically flowing from plot and situation. Far marked pokes such as "We've been married for ten years and only had

one fight... I hasn't stopped" are stamped with American bad taste more predictable than plot reversals.

All of these things are forgiveable if the acting is up to standard and sadly it is not. Thus reviewer praised Corbin's past early enough that I swear to God I didn't guess Elizabeth was Louise's wife! and so my focus was on individual performances. Helen Haugh and James Bracken turned in workmen like acting and Al Thomas, as always, was Al Thomas. But the pivotal relationship of *Catch Me If You Can* comes about Corbin and Louise, the seemingly innocent, murderer and the apparently good but very on-the-ball cop. Serge Larouche's Corbin was unconvincing and anonymous, a less key performance that left too much weight on Peter Whinfrey

Whinfrey, best known to theatre audiences for his portrayal of Bentley, responded with an excellent performance. His treatment of Louise included the roundabout charm and wit of Colombo. It means the early Peter Falk Columbo with that come-as-you-are Walter Matthau beat brought to their sides. Whinfrey won at ease with even the most banal of lines and gave a restraint to Louise that was unperfectably charming.

With much good theatre on in Sydney it wouldn't place the Marian Street's talents offering too high on my list of priorities. If undemanding the season is well booked and, if for no other reason than watching Whinfrey at work, an audience shouldn't be over-disappointed. And that's the end of that!



Peter Whinfrey (Larocque), Helen Haugh (Elizabeth) and Serge Larouche (Corbin) in Marian Street's *Catch Me If You Can*. Photo: Peter Holstensen

Oddly stirring

ST MARY'S KID and THE GLASS MENAGERIE

GREG CURNAN

There's a moment in *St Mary's Kid* (Q, Penrith) that's pretty good. Suddenly, the back doors of the theatre fly open and from a backstage as big as a shower room emerge five hundred people, looking a

football. Actually it's only thirteen schoolkids, but the speed of it all, and the noise, and the kicking of a goal (the ball goes into the street outside) creates quite a charge. The whole manoeuvre starts up some heavy scoring for that rock musical quite early in the game.

The cast is different from ages, shapes, and sizes. In real life, some have left school, others are still at it, some will have come from St Mary's High or the wholsale halls of Mount Druitt, Penrith et al. Certain of these kids are going to be real actors, some are not so good, others

unashamed amateurs. But the notable thing is that on stage they really look like they come from the same school, the same class, and even the same football team. They act with a lack of inhibition, an ensemble charm you might say and I will, that's very writing. For director Max Hland and his spotted team maturation obviously has a new meaning — art naturalized.

For those who don't know, St Mary's is a town near Penrith where the Q performs and Penrith itself is at the foot of the Blue Mountains, oh it's some way from the big

make *SMT* at (I think) about the
decreasing existence of some country care-
less urban counterparts, the lack of job
opportunities, that road on Friday night,
nothing to do and no car. In Australia
today, decreasing incomes and lack of
opportunity are hardly confined to St
Marys and if you're going to dramatise
something like that you're at best forced
to have something interesting to say. "It's a crap
sticker like me, *SMT* (nearly doesn't)

But it is not down and gloom in SMC on the contrary, far from looking down on the month, these kids seem to have a really good time. When they're not at school we see them ogling each other at the coffee shop and elsewhere. There is no shortage of pictures either. The girls get a particular charge from male celebrities, and they shriek and blase and tremble with repressed (and also mainly unexpressed) lust. The whole scene, stated the whole man on stage in an unashamedly cheered-up by the cheeky pop-art designs of Anthony Habberd, a big new talent. I'd say Habberd has designed a smile bar that's a collage of smirky male teeth caps with the street spent and dangling like — yes you've guessed it! These cutaneous aphrodisiacs form a big shape that's you begin to see what the chew card is — a heart. Habberd's jewel box is a phantasmagorical

of been occupied on both, and the base of
Tibet's plateau in a three-year journey.

Had to tell what's wrong with young Tony, the "heart" of the group. He plays the guitar too much and football too well, and maybe has standards gone a bit overboard. But he seems a model kid on the surface. He's not Bagley, he's a steady girl friend, loves his Mom. When he visits Frank, argues mostly at the speed and he goes off without Cherryl for the reason, is that the start on the downward path, the beginning of the end, the gateway to relativity? Now as far as I could see, so why always and to be in trouble with the teachers? Why is he always in the blamed (by a cutting football player) for the loss of the Grand Final? Well, because he had a new suit Dior (sic, Norm).

If Troy is a difficult case (and we have to take this as true since we never see any of these teacher-pupil confrontations apart from a conversation with the coach which is entirely observational) we have to ask why "in the background to blame?" Can the boy be blamed on his home life? That's not his father's fault, but no one seems to mind that. Mum is a very large blonde (the campioness Mrs Doreen Warburton) who's partial to the girls, but appears to do nothing about it. Mr Morn brought home man (Greckell) or got drunk on the lounge

room carpet. She is home night & day, different, but the lady really hasn't been to the PSL club (she's also now superannuated). True, she hasn't been to Sydney for ten years (is telling you) but she isn't not out of touch. And the good lady takes as much interest in her being out as everyone else does. Truly's certainly well respected. Indeed this lady is a Mrs. Mum, a fat Mum, whose big number "I have to be seen to be believed" is the best thing about her.

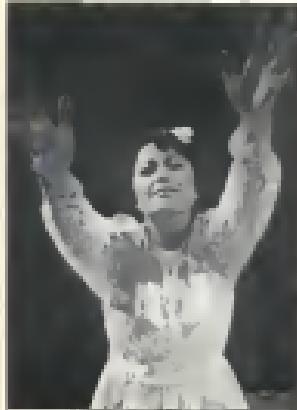
In a trumped up sequence Tally gets thrown out of school. And then he can't get a job in the city (Sydney) the woman he's interviewed by tells him, in an uppity tone, that it's not policy to use people from the west — it's so far to come that reliable students are at a premium. Can he get a job in St Mary's, she asks. No way says the last in St Mary's there's a waiting list for the job. Yes, but you see there's another reason why he can't get a job — his school record. How can these reasons stand together? Are they connected? Does Tally's spurious low mark in general or is it in a special case? The script tries to have it both ways. DAF allows for wisdom and generosity when it should be closer and more specific. Is the kid just here because it's a pop movie, and the evening borrows any claims to dramatic credibility.



25 May at Big Q Theatre, Penrith

Further reservations, Greg Apps at Tope gate, at Penrith, an unconvincing hard-boiled performance. At the time I saw it he needed to cultivate some charm and quirk, some dramatic adjustability were needed, and I trust attended to, by the time that show hit Sydney (it opened at the Mayfair July 21). Hardi makes which certainly seemed unnecessary in the small space at Penrith managed to put the lights on my nail choreography — the show needs dance. In a formal number sung by a rock singer the crowd are pushed back from the stage and that's the only movement. Radley odd this. The lyrics do not fit the spot as often as they should.

For all that *St Mary's* had a jolly evening, it is, for the most part, an unconvincingly well directed, with some charming performances. The score is good if not really striking enough (Score for a really rocking rock number 'What's New in Sydney', song with terrific bravura by Kevin Banaschi, one of the show's co-authors). The three contributions at the end (a tribute to dancing in other — perhaps Troy's) succeed going up and up and on and on and get you in the way inherently driven need to be, even though the finale's fairly vague in effect, it's oddly stirring as well. A vintage place the theatre



De O'Connor as Laura in *The Glass Menagerie*

The Glass Menagerie at the Asian Company is a triumph for both De O'Connor's Laura, an unexpected (and unconvincingly remarkable) piece of casting, and the director Rodney Delaney, whose work at Ultima has never, in my experience, been less than good but who however (so far as I know) had a runaway success. Delaney has reduced the play to a platform and four white chairs, eliminated all props and other set accoutrements except for some slides, and with the help of really superb lighting created an amazing illusion of the interior and exterior (in two scenes) of the Wingfield's tenement flat. The play moves along beautifully — what a wonderful piece of it. This is the best production of a Williams' play I have ever seen. I think even Tennessee himself would like it.

Greater audience intelligibility THE HOMECOMING

ELIZABETH PRIBBLE

*See reviews by Barry James, Tasmania (see, *Theatre*, Issues 101 & 102, 1979); Peter Barnes, *Sydney Theatre Review*, *New South Wales*, No. 2, Peter Barnes, *Adelaide Advertiser*, *South Australia Review*, No. 2, Peter Barnes, *Brisbane Times*, No. 1, Peter Barnes, *Perth West Australian*, No. 1.*

This was a mounted, coherent production of Pinter's minimalist play, but the weaker aspects of *The Homecoming* were toned down to give an essentially warm and intelligent interpretation.

It was good theatre, even for those who folged over the longueurs of Pinter's pauses. Peter Barnes gave a steady direction, preferring dry fire to mordor threat. What was lost in dramatic dialogue was probably gained in greater audience intelligibility. Even so a letter to the local paper could "a more compelling and interesting performance we have never seen" and decided that *The Homecoming* was not "worthy of our new Civic Theatre".

Generally, however, the interpretation of the play as depicting violence and humour within family relationships worked well. Jon Dwyer, Gordon Glenwright and Pat Bishop cooperated with local actors Brian Knapp, Ron Hamilton and Peter Hyde, showing the professional integrity on which all quality theatre rests. Glenwright, who replaced Ben Gabriel after the other's illness during rehearsals, and Dwyer, played sustained, entirely credible roles, allowing plenty of energy without the manic outbursts of some interpretations. Hyde's Jerry was a big baby happy enough wallowing in Ruth's bosom for two hours without going any hog. This short, as Peter left Hamilton with the problem of not really being the lesser as Teddy. And he did get across the idea that Teddy knew all along what would happen when he brought Ruth home.

Young local actor Brian Knapp gave a classical character study of the gentle Sam, and some fine moments were developed in his relationships with the family.

Pat Bishop's beautifully controlled interpretation of Ruth shaped the play, making Pinter's resolution creditable, and characterising a situation centred on La Pinta as a mortal drama.

The set explored the dimensions of the Civic Theatre, and could have been brought forward for audience comment. Pinter's clinical London room was expanded to a spacious Queensland tree and held some good period furniture.

An Pinter, *The Homecoming* didn't go the whole hog, but thanks to the work and

intensity of Peter Barnes, local talent, and the above professionalism, is the best since, of the vision. Townsville audiences saw some very good theatre.

Interesting approach to time and memory THE FATHER WE LOVED ON A BEACH BY THE SEA

RK HARDI (HOTHERINGHAM)

*See review by David Jones, *Tasmania* (see, *Theatre*, Issues 101 & 102, 1979); Peter Barnes, *Sydney Theatre Review*, No. 1, 1979; Director, *Adelaide Advertiser*, No. 1.*

La Boile's interesting but varied repertoire since Nick Blighard became artistic director has left it at the mercy of the daily paper critics. Since La Boile's first return to theatre goes of widely differing tastes, and since they don't know what to expect from one production to the next, audiences tend to flow in and out according to what they know of the current offering. Obviously this raises the inevitable question as to the status of a maker or breaker of shows in critical consideration which writing for *Theatre Australia* seldom provides!

In this instance both the Australian and *The Courier Mail* claimed totally Steve Small's *The Father We Loved* ... and it's having a poor run. And yet putting on the work of one local writer is surely one of the most vital functions La Boile performs, and the category obviously deserves a special and sympathetic critical response. I also enjoyed the play, which helps.

I'd read an early draft a year ago. The emergence of a proletarian upbringing gone was predictable enough, as were many of the life situations presented. But I remembered two strong qualities: sharp writing and observation, and an interesting approach to time and memory. The play selected time capsules from the past and present lives of Luther and son. The father's memories became principally around a personal and social crisis he experienced in 1929 (unemployed, caring for a young family, and sexually impotent), a crisis which his lot had to a barely anti-socialist position. His son's memories ranged from his motherhood at that time to the present educated and aware social maturation. The tension between his memories of a kind and loving father and the inability to communicate with that same man as an adult was well and interestingly handled.

La Boile's production retains some of these qualities, but has deviated from the focus and offers a very different script, one which I don't think is an improvement.

The production illustrates two particular problems of working with new writers who have yet learned to visualize their plays on stage and whose scripts lack dramatic shape.

The first problem comes from the visual sense of the production. There is no designer as the credits, and no visual image to reinforce and further the play's themes. Instead we see two specific settings — the dairy house (mainly at night) and the dad's bedroom (in future time if I'll explain later). The linear sequence of both space and time works exactly against the interweaving of time and memory which seemed potentially exciting in the first version. In that early script the processes by which experience and memory change were suggested, and in one interesting scene, father and son seemed to swap value systems, further moving time, experience, argument, belief, and memory. In this production what both director and writer seem to think is an experiment in filmic techniques of flash forward and flashback becomes instead two plays, neatly thrown together at occasional moments.

The setting means that the son is physically isolated in one space area, the mother of the play, and during rehearsals many scenes seem to have been thrown out and a whole new story written to occupy the character's stage time. He has become not just a young radical thinker of today, but a highly principled revolutionary of tomorrow, losing his life after a military coup has turned Australia into a frozen state. At the end of the play he goes into exile rather than compromise and continue the struggle.

The new play seems to me left-wing parades of a fairly patricial Marxist clearly shown in the father just how far most Australians are from substantive thinking of any kind, it's difficult to believe in an Australia "in the not too distant future" where thousands of migrants are bravely massacred on Beach Beach by the army and police as a total breakdown of civil administration occurs. Just as it's too glib to compare say the Whiteman talking with Aladdin's overreaches in China, or his whimsical anthropological reveries to portray other Gee Geeveys and Goomays leading mass movements here within the time span of this play.

A lot of interesting writing has been cut in the shaping of this production. A bolder approach to the problems of the original script might have rendered this unlikely new history unnecessary.

The focus is on making plays

CHILDREN'S THEATRE SURVEY

DON BATHFELD

It seemed like a concerted assault. There were "children's" theatre people everywhere, and all urgently asking "Why

don't you come and see us?". Could you possibly do a piece on ...?" and I wondered whether the once young people's groups were uniting together. So I looked into it, examined the surface would be more accurate, because it seems bizarre that how much activity there was on the field at Bronte, and how much of it was of dubious value and indifferent quality.

This is, therefore, an impressionistic survey, just random reflections on work which came to my attention during recent weeks.

The first thing to remark, with one notable exception, is that far from strengthened concert there is considerable isolation among the various groups. The notable exception was the Reverb's so-called "Theatre-in-Education Get-Together" being held 3-4 October as part of the Queensland Festival of the Arts. In its typically unselfconscious and unassumingly way, Ian McLean is bringing together older and extra-state groups to work with "up to a thousand kids a day" in Albert Park. In this context he expects exchanges of ideas will occur naturally and informally. The concept of TIE is a wide one, and Ian is not the sort of person to go on for definitions. He just seems to think that one human sharing of experience is worth a dozen conferences.

Taking of adults working for kids, the Arts Theatre has just changed policy regarding their regular Saturday matinee shows. Instead of workshop-like playing to a paying audience of their peers, Ian McLean has decided an adult cast in *The Phoenix of Cabbages Peaks Corner*, and an adorably enthusiastic production — brightly performed and brightly staged. Regrettably, needless to say seems to have been regarded as antithesis of success, and the play itself is one of those queerly sentimental pieces of junior sociology. It makes me think there is something very sick about the way our society views the god of maturation, and requires periodic self-lagging as an act of initiation.

Over at Twelfth Night I had a talk to Jane Atkins, appointed this year as Director of the School of Speech and Drama. She readily agrees the name is antithetical and takes of the "Young Theatre". Clearly her particular interest is in theatre itself, and she made quite an impression on the town with her young people's version of The Plat. What she has in mind is a place which offers young people a privileged experience of theatre practice. Workshops there may be and so on, of the club feeling, but the focus is on making plays rather than on personal or social development.

At the Beehive there is another approach. This is an ambitious project master-minded by Jonathan Baumer and backed by a small group of interested citizens entirely without any great money. Five professional people have been put in a garishly-painted suburban corner where they provide an array of activities on a seven day a week basis. There are musical activities, dancing, work and plays with a monthly change of programmes, films, a coffee-pad and eating place,

drama workshops each afternoon, market stalls and more and more, all under one vast roof. Momentum for the first three months has been staggering, and publicly outstanding. The question is can any free people sustain the pace, especially when the economic basis must be a tough one. The August school holidays will boom numbers past the break even point and may just be what is needed to keep that scenario sustainable.

One venture that is off and flying is the publication by Playlab Press of *Actors Of Steel*, a manual spoof by Steven Dever and Ian Derricott. Planned by the Matilda Stagers at La Boite Theatre, this piece is a take guide for the High School musical market. The book is fast-moving action, full of broad caricatures and broad humour. There are plenty of roles and a generous helping of choices. The score is orchestrated for an average High School band, though there is a piano version. A cassette of the music is also available. The best point of contact is through Playlab Press, PO Box 182, Ashgrove Qld 4060.

When I consider all the things I have not mentioned, it's a wonder any young person could slip through to adulthood without some sort of theatre or drama experience. But they seem to manage.

Theatre / TAS



Salamanca tour and frozen audiences

TASMANIA SURVEY

EARL ROBERT

Hobart's Salamanca Theatre Company, formerly known as "Theatre in Education", when planning its current tour of the United States asked itself how does one explain "Walking Matilda" to young Americans?

Designer Barbara Manning decided it was a problem which needed the combined brain power of a think tank, and between performances and rehearsals the members of the company created one play daily. Two of the characters in there who offers the little Americans the following explanation:

"This good old bloke, the refugee, was just sitting down reading a bit of a red book a study this. He must have been in a good mood like, 'yes they're revolution, he's going to sing, anyway he's left there his family on the campsite and he's looking forward to a nice hot cup of tea, and he's singing away about how he's gone tramping around the countryside with all his gitans the world to call his own rolled up in his hairy old blanket, when out of the corner

of the new book, the author, *James*

Whether the little American
understand anyone in his country.

The program for the US tour was compiled by two actors of the company, Sophie Lee and David O'Connor, and Anna Harvey, of Sydney. She wrote one of the company's most successful programs. It is as follows:

Theatrical companies know from long experience that the Thornton winter with its ice and snow, can have a devastating effect on audience numbers, however, things were never as bad as this year.

The Tasmanian Government 51

Music had to cancel one performance of the *Performance* because it feared that people would be unable to reach the theatre of the College of Advanced Education on Mt Nelson. Apparently the cancellation was broadcast, but nobody bothered to put up a sign at the theatre and people turned up, waited part the hour of 8pm and were bitterly disappointed. It seems, public relations is not a priority word with the CAA.

On the other hand, the Robert Roper-Tony Society which had a two-week season at Alice Cappell's theater, *Galaxy*, decided that the show must go on, although on one evening the audience

barely remembered the actors on the Plymhouse stage. It was a good performance on that evening and there was a bonus for those who turned up, a tea cap at 50/-.

And Poppies Theatre, which was established in Hobart last year by Don Guy, and performed with a great deal of success also on Tasmania's North West Coast, has gone into the theatre restaurant business. It is staging "What the Dickens" at Hobart.

This means, that Robert now has four theatre restaurants, West Point, Explorer, Cedar Court at Headley's, and Lyons, and all seem to be doing good business.

Theatre/ACT



The issues are the same as today's SPRING AWAKENING.

WIRELESS

This is very much Munch's theme of the 1890s: young passionate people caught between a need instinct of duty and the impulses of their bodies and minds. It was not only a conflict between God-feariness and the pleasures of free love, free thinking, and free access to stimulate. The issues, if one may put it that way, are the same as today's. Oppressed by a federally restrictive older generation as a younger one seeking truth about sex, abortion, homosexuality, masturbation, and sterilization.

Perhaps this is why the ACT Police felt compelled to attend opening night? The play had been advertised in a paper about adolescent sexuality. This issue, then, is no less political in Australia now than it was in Weimar's Germany. The only difference is that we took the intense seriousness of that issue, and our playgoers, for the most part, avoid any political interpretation.

Gentle Blended chose a soft-spoken naturalistic tone for that piece. One advantage of this approach was that it emphasized the verbal germinances of the Teachers who appeared on stage. It

A black and white photograph showing three men in dark suits and ties standing behind two large, ornate silver trophy cups. The trophies have tall, slender bases and decorative tops. The man on the left is slightly taller than the others. They are all looking towards the camera.

Bernard Ryan, Michael Bressler, Matthew LaBarre, Robert Rogers and James McDonald in *Science*, 2000, 289, 1375.

face. In this production, it is the young people who are the sane ones, the balanced and normal people, while the educationists are the crazies, the mentally crippled. The singular theme, then, was clear. That education is an instrument used to protect society from change, and to repress and subdue free will.

Given that this was the mode of the direction, Canada Blanche might have asked for more blazoned and hyperbolic acting from the actors playing the parents. The two mothers, especially, might have appeared more stern, more gross, for they were products themselves of that representative code of education. Then the naturalness of the younger people would have been a contrast to all of the older characters, all of whom were using the children to justify themselves before the world.

The following sections were examined:

from behind attached to the manipulator at the feet. This is an efficient puppet style for it allows the manipulator to duplicate as nearly every movement of his own body as the puppet. The puppet's actions can be both big and controlled. It is good especially for satire. The real secret for these grotesque characters was distortion in various forms of ways, coming from a time-accident.

The nearly two hours were played without an interval. This was a weary session, and one which takes courage. In fact, it could have gone on longer for my money, some of the wonderfully poetic monologues of the play were rushed through at times because I was a trifle restless.

All of these actions are critical because they handled the material well and knew at every step their motives. The performance of James McDonald stands out. As the protagonist, he so clearly represented the Australian young man's dilemma — torn between achievement in a competitive society or dropping out and drifting.

Spring Awakening is one of Wedekind's earliest plays. As with virtually all the others, it is about sex. Later on, the plays become more and more expressionistic in their approach. The disconnected scenes, the poetry and cynical humour, the things we don't understand - everything can be said and answered. This production might have taken advantage of that development in style. A lot of the humour is lost in over-dramatic delivery. Lines like 'People are good because they enjoy it, or because they're scared stiff'! The same with the poetry. Wedekind's language then is a language of expression suited to an era of enormous popular masses over fields, Russian revolution around the table, and art movements.

One thing which was lacking in the production was clearly posed beginning and endings in scenes. This weakened the overall impact of it. Any play, no matter what genre, that has more than seven

requires a strong visual frame, so that an abstract caricature image from a previous scene is the need. Especially in this play, it builds the narrative like blocks.

What is the dilemma of these young people, both then and now? For Wedekind

it is two souls made here. The moral code of the time with its strict over emphasis on duty as opposed to free will, and the conflict between his body and his mind. But for Marika, the boy who marries, it is more desperate than ever, as Wedekind

says, "like an ant fleeing through a burning wood". To suffer or to inflict suffering? To overcome suffering may be the most beautiful thing of all, but that depends upon whether it is done to the detriment of society, or oneself!

Theatre/SA



Confirming what it purports to be showing up

CHEAP AND NASTY

VILMOS L. MOLNAR

Cheap and Nasty was first staged in 1968. *Wolfgang Goeppert* (Stage and Stage) and *Adriano Salvi* (Music and Sound) produced it at the West Australian Arts Board's Special 4 August 1973. *Mark R. Booth* directed. *Music/Chorus*: *Rosie Tipton*, *Francesca Pearce*. *Other Voices*: *Roxane Neale*, *Suzanne Courtney*, *Christine*. *Costumes*: *Ron Phipps* and *Robert Ridge*. *Scenes*: *David Impey* from *Scenic Pictures*. *Lighting*: *John Hockings*.

Why is it that the so called "alternative theatres" feel they have to choose anybody but a dramatist or man of the theatre as their guru of the moment? A while back it was R. D. Laing, all twisted plots and twisted language, for Trapp's last production, it was a whole army of science-fiction fanatics, now it's the Thoughts of Couchmen. Dr Fausto L. Moreno, the psychiatrist who developed poplio drama, may be conservative, bland or just plain暮气, but when I go to the theatre, I expect to see a theatrical performance. Just as, if I go to a soccer match, I don't expect to have to watch twenty-two players, the referee, the linesman, the steward, discussing the shape of the ball, the colour of the jerseys or the set of rules they might like to agree to for the occasion. "The play's the thing" may have an abdication of ring to it, but it still has some validity.

Cheap and Nasty lends itself to some obvious word plays from which I shall refrain. It employs, as the programme notes assure us (and, as in the case of the recent production of *Grease*, the writer strives to provide a certificate of regeneration for a work whose theatrical credentials are somewhat doubtful), spontaneity and creativity as the basis for psychodrama. To my perhaps uninitiated eye, there was precious little of either on display. The plot seemed to be about one Philip Peterson and his search for himself through, round and over the top of his parents, an analyst and two credulous girlfriends. At the end, he seemed no further advanced than at the beginning, and another characterisation of the script appeared to be following any recognisable

law of dramatic structure, it may be that he ended up behind the line he actually started from. Exploring the carpet and repetitively defining a square with four repeated sets of four paces were clearly intended to have some therapeutic and symbolic function in this particular pilgrim's progress. But the idea that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive doesn't really hold for the theatre. Along the way we were treated with lengthy and obscure exchanges with the analyst (Ron Horning), a right royal son of which the healer looked in to be using the wrong foot, confusions with the parents, gropings with the girls and a mindless sort of a TV watching booth which looked like the sort of closed performance one might indulge in as a sort of moron (I am sure we are no members of the family were watching).

The point of the play's subtitle — "an alternative musical" — escaped me. Alternative to what? And yet get your gear! *Rocky Dooly!* A *Chorus Line*? At least they had a clearly defined musical score and the occasional joke. Here, the songs are forgettable, the music shapeless, and the function of both elusive. "I'd like to be an entertainer," sings Philip (and it's certainly a waste that this character should have to be so reduced.) Better far to say that than that *far*! an authentic position in this modern world of misery! And the easy pronouncement of "Life in the suburbs can stop you so slowly by" only made me want to counter with "what about life in a place ship?" This sort of conundrum seems of significance and ends up merely confirming what it purports to be showing up.

Trapp seems at present to be casting around for a new image to justify their 1977 Cooyee Circle awards. The company has energy and enthusiasm, but they seem to be running the very real danger of ending up as a group of players who are picked all trades and makes no note. Let the writer write, the actor act, the manager manage, the director direct. It may be admirable for someone to try his hand at a lot or all of these, but he should beware of thinking that that way he can succeed, let alone the ability to keep an audience interested. People who do one or more of these things too inadequately have always been comparatively rare. And Trapp might well observe Goethe's maxim "in restraint and control does the

master reveal himself" — a more intellectual equivalent of "outside, stick to the last." That's a more helpful motto for a company than has been. What do you feel like doing? Just drifting. Tell me and the others about it" which crept up with disturbing frequency during the evening. Psychotherapy, yes, is the best answer to represent a major turning point in the treatment of disturbed patients. But if this work is anything to go by, it certainly represents nothing of the best for the theatre when all it affords an audience is a lengthy and not too encouraging viewing of a ratherertilized and repetitive group grope.

Grand, spare, radical, surprising

PEER GYNT

KATHARINE ERISBANE

Peer Gynt by Henrik Ibsen. *Scenic Design*: *David Birrell*; *Costume Design*: *John Curnow*; *Lighting*: *John Curnow*; *Sound*: *John Curnow*; *Dramaturgy*: *John Curnow*; *Production Manager*: *John Curnow*; *Stage Manager*: *John Curnow*; *Assistant Stage Manager*: *John Curnow*; *Properties*: *John Curnow*; *Properties Assistant*: *John Curnow*; *Properties Manager*: *John Curnow*. *Design*: *David Birrell*; *Costume*: *John Curnow*; *Lighting*: *John Curnow*; *Sound*: *John Curnow*; *Dramaturgy*: *John Curnow*; *Production Manager*: *John Curnow*; *Stage Manager*: *John Curnow*; *Assistant Stage Manager*: *John Curnow*; *Properties*: *John Curnow*; *Properties Assistant*: *John Curnow*; *Properties Manager*: *John Curnow*.

The State Theatre Company of South Australia — formerly the South Australian Theatre Company — may in these stirring and controversial days fairly claim to justify single-handed the role of government subsidy.

Its outstanding 1978 season is now climaxed by a sensational performance of *Peer Gynt* to mark Birrell's repertory entry. (The reason given for a change of name is to eliminate confusion with the South Australian Trotting Club. Any association with horse-racing is perhaps irrelevant.)

Colin Gengiv's production of this four-hour epic is grand, spare, radical and packed with surprises. He has prefaced the play more than once before and has

growing familiarity both with the Norwegian culture and the rest stagey problems. Peter Oyer will finally a cover drama makes both bold in his decisions and confident in his interpretations.

The bottom decision, which on retrospect has the simplicity of the perfect solution, is to add three scenes in the role of Michael Scherry as the young restauranteur of the first act; Neil Prataprajit as the glibberly ex-pat of the second; and Brian James as the last addition of the third.

There are also three Solvigs: Michelle Steyner, Christine Mahoney and Danielle Gray.

The second bold decision, having made the first, is not to impose a coherent style upon the first two to emphasise its diversity.

The advantage of the first decision is a tripling of the energy resources for a role beyond the stamina of most actors and of the second a sense ofurgency within a pastoral backdrop.

At the same time Hugh Colclough's design and Nigel Lavers' lighting are spare, erupting into new and then into bursts of exhilaratingly allowing a continuing flow of movement through the many scenes and risking strong demands upon the audience's imagination in the cause of poetic drama.

A further advantage of the diversity was a real sense of the parental stiffness, stiffness and stiffness, which Grieg's music had softened and which Ibsen was to attack most blithely in this play. This is twisted up ironically in a way admirably captured by Norman Gunby's informal translation.

The play opens with the cast in rehearsal dress during a warm-up, during which they lay down ground rules for the audience. For the first act the stage is almost bare and grey as we meet the experienced young actress and her gallible mother Anne, which here, Ibseng's a tends from her wedding for a year and met the part and Solving. As in *The Wives of Dr. G.*, the imaginary world proves more colourful than the real, though the boundaries between black and white and red/purple are not so clear. The source of that art is Norwegian folklore is made very clear. Michelle Steyner's Solvieg has a transparent goodness which disdains sensuality, and Danielle Gray's Anne, which must be one of the very least perverts since she has ever given, is a wonderfully real, vulnerable person whose comedy derives from her being real, not from her being a person. Her famous deathbed scene with And Oya, in which Peer drives her in a sledge to the gates of Heaven, commands belief.

Bal economy of the singing only obscures the geological sexual fissures represented by the Trill Kingdom at the inhabitants' bare on stage like a Heirony and Bosch portrait of Hell. The images of flesh and guilt combine until they form a philosophy of selflessness, which carries Peer through to the end of the play. Following Act One the curtain rises on Act Two could not be more unexpected.

How are all the mid-19th century stage mechanisms can offer a processional arch encircled with cherubs, a beach on

Double nostalgia trip

THE GHOST TRAIN

COLIN DREZEN

The Ghost Train by Arnold Bennett. National Theatre Playhouse, Perth. Created 8 August 1991. Director, Roger Marmont. Design, Ross Higson. Lighting, Michael Hall. Sound, Andrew Whittaker. Stage manager, Joanne McLean. Press, Warwick Bebbott. Stage manager, Lynne McLean. Press officer, Paula Teller. Stage hands, Robert Macmillan, Mark Potts. Production stage manager, Michael Potts. Stage manager, Pauline Jones. Stage manager, Michael Potts. Stage manager, Louise Potts. Stage manager, John Holden from Ring. Technical manager, Peter Chapman. Stage manager, Tomasz Kowalewski. Stage manager, Pauline Jones. Stage manager, Tomasz Kowalewski.

The Ghost Train is a mystery thriller written between the wars. In 1925, to be precise, the year Britain went off the Gold Standard and was building itself up with Modernist, Free-style, pre-Keynesian economic policies to the General Strike of 1926. An appropriate time for a ghost drama.

Modernism was not merely the dominant dramatic form, it was virtually the only acceptable one, and of course the mystery thriller with its fundamentally modern ends and its underlying materialistic philosophy to every plot-hound had a rational explanation, therefore whether in a question which West! have an answer in a clear set-up for such a dramatic formula. As drama it is nevertheless a squat from the novel, indeed many of the plays were rewrites of novels, notably those of Agatha Christie. This was an age when the son Ellory, was Queen, when Hercule Poirot and Lord Peter Whimsey stalked the land.

As with most literary genres it is interesting to look back just to note how surreal, artificial, dreamlike atmosphere are the admirable roles of any artistic level. In the English wheelbarrow, for instance, sex never raised its ugly head (so to speak). Well, it was a reason for killing somebody, but not for jumping into bed with them. That must mean something, but I shouldn't to contemplate what. The naive vulgar Americans did go for them, such as Blanche Don't Tell and eventually went to some explicit sex, finally to the shooting of Shall. But in the English tradition everyone was to think politeness knew their place, there was no room for even the earliest revolution. The ladies were built as an accepted class structure from the Hell to the cottage via the carriage. Anyway, someone once described it all as Snobbery with Violence. But I digress.

The Ghost Train was a nostalgia trip in another sense as well. All we long-standing Stagefrightйтarians, critics and other ticks and parasites on the body theatrical were remembering back to director Edgar Maccall's first production in the Playhouse in 1968. That, too, was a mystery thriller, The Car and the Case, with which Edgar showed us that he not only commanded the man and baton of directing but had a flair for style as well. I can still recall the late Age Hippo-Deep going the

girls loose hair in moments of anger, surprise or whatever you find even more that marvels me still when Ross Graham threw wide a wardrobe door and the poker-will come of Peter Coddington began its slow descent to beat on its face to Ron's cry of "Good Lord! Bevan!" or words to that effect. Precisely located between the Coddington show-buckles was a knife with a handle of ornate design. And, we see it not enough of that sort of thing nowadays, do we? Not? No, now we all get your gear-off and whatever the writers.

With *The Ghost Train* Edgar proved that he hasn't lost his touch. The play sat as a sombre, deserted Central railway station, and we were treated at certain times to a spookily red light through the windows and a shabby rustic version of "Rock of Ages". What a highly realistic train into the station, surrounded by a series of carriage-windows lights glowing and slowly stopping outside the windows, a device which rightly draws applause. You don't get that sort of effect at the RSC, mate.

I would break all the rules to tell you who does it, although I can say it wasn't the better at that wasn't the better. Suffice it to say that the plot is based around a passenger train that train strangled on the station at the preceding scenes of an aged stationmaster, a nicely grumpy Mammoth performed by Leslie Wright. Enter into too especially responsible appearance but rather snooty elegant (Paula and Andy King) and a hysterical lady, given appropriate staring eyes and brusque accusations by Louise Maran-Smith.

Oh I forgot to tell you also the un discounted characters are — and to tell that is to give it away. First a cold, Comedy soprano (Rosemary Barr) and her older, amorous husband (Martin Jones), their marriage on the rocks but still upper lip (of nothing else) all round, next a newlywed couple (Mervyn Cowling and Alan Fletcher), in the English theatrical tradition, the more you with a tendency to get his adam's apple mixed up with his ten, she a Modern Miss, who just might flounce down!, a middle Englishman, Bertie Wooster on holiday, all monocle and Oxford bags (Rikishi Van Mandelberg), and finally an ageing spinster with a parrot (Margaret Fonda). And I say more?

An uppish sort of the year Mr Van Mandelberg could easily make the show, but sharp-eyed director and self-discipline cut off the possibility, but it was a lovely named performance. Margaret Fonda had a marvellous unkind-drunkard and otherwise all sorts contained magnificently together. The play is not terribly well written, even for the genre, and a straight word up could have become quickly boring, but Edgar and his cast ensured that the mix balance between parody and playing it for real which kept us both amused and on the edge of our seats. All in all an enjoyable evening in the theatre.

(Continued on page 46)

PANDORA'S CROSS

By Dorothy Hewett



Photo by Brumby & Co.

ACT 1

INTRODUCTION

Jim Sharman on
Pandora's Cross

Every year since its first production in 1959, this play has had a special place in the life of Sydney. The most recent events include the Harbour Bridge Opera House, Bondi Beach and Kings Cross. Now while Popular Arts, Times Square and other like have often been celebrated on stage and screen, Sydney's notorious square sits at the top of William Street, though often overlooked after nightfall, it deserves more credit than it has received. It has not provided the stimulus for a major dramatic work. For better or worse Dorothy Heyward's now much-played play has allowed this Dorothy to stand as a standard lampoon of Sydney's underworld past — just Victoria in American innocence — society ladies — blushing nymphs — lewd virgins, that reflects the life of the city that would prefer to deny its existence.

ACT I

Pandora's Cross was first performed at the Free Theatre Society on June 28th 1959. The Director was Jim Sharman and the Designers Brian Thomas. The music was written by Ralph Bryant. The original cast were:

The Cross	Arthur (24 years)
Pandora	Jeanette Charles
Mrs Greene	John Gaudin
Pranghamer Waterfall	Julia McNaught
Sergeant Tinkhardt	John Penruddock
Policewoman	Bethell Tinkhardt
Ruth	Barbara Strevens
Edith Mayley	Ruth Steele
Eve Mayley	Matt Mackellar

The set of double-decker busses and street scenes with an elevated platform for the *Greene's Hotel* took four days. The lighting of a permanent masterpiece kept a Cross in shadow the night of opening.

Openings, Prang's creation a record two days consecutive nights made strong boxoffice.

Edith Mayley now occupying a stronger position than ever and an early Kodak photo:

The Greene's press and press on a platform. *Greene's* there is a picture which can never be un-memorable. This looks over the village, a bright light fell off a feature playing a specimen tree dominance of colour and *Peter's* after noon in full sun and shade.

Cross Edith's a show-off, always laughing, eyes wide, smiling deep and dexterous.

CHARACTERS

Pandora Prang's Cross match and an amateur theatrical in her 40s.

Mrs Greene ex-pool girl from Chelwood Creek, school teacher 1940s, at the last station.

Eve Mayley Greene's pool teacher 1940s, Eve.

Edith Mayley Eve's sister, waitress, customer at the tea parlour.

Pranghamer Waterfall (Prang) Cross builder a former from Blackdown on matches.

Policewoman (police) Ex stripper and club proprietress, a well proportioned blonde in her late thirties.

Traditionally urban have always been associated with The Cross. Old-style businesses, artesian wells, restaurants, drug stores, all sorts of stores. Dorothy would have it that most of these stores have been demolished and in some cases destroyed but her opinion is through The Cross. Consequently she has created a place for the stage that does more innumerable of formal storytelling and perhaps the evidence of tenanted points that Valley, River or air banners, jostling headlines and street bell instruments around head replacing Pantomime, Queenie Nipper, O.C.I. wall graffiti, political sloganizing, Shakespearean critics and what there could then come a kind of vulgar and ugly served to the audience with the authority and subtlety of a short order cook if Dorothy will forget the culinary metaphor. Most unashamedly modern and urban, who prefers their values and their blandishments, shall we say, have backed a little in the need of sadness and celebration.

So we move into the mysterious area of people's expectation. How do you like your "Cross"? Up front or in back? It would seem

from our experience that the expectation is definitely UP FRONT. The rulers, as any learned from the bush, arriving forty loads lighter down a Dunglough Road, that they could tell us, in LAID BACK. Ralph Tinkhardt's bawling voice and Dorothy and colleagues don't add up to an extensive musical inventing with piano and organ so much how much humour is used in the inventing. So we are left with a savage setting in the theatre. Our walk along Dunglough Road and down Macquarie Street has dominated these tremendous expectations created deeply by walking up the hill out of William Street. Dorothy's moderate in self-control, too much bad language, not count what we expected a broad as might have been received in poor public, usually, given seemingly a few years and yet, and yet, we still seem to be talking about about a dissipation in remembering a "Whore" as an *old-timey* *country girl*. Dorothy's *country girl* is not as it is, either, would bring, a more sentimental lump of forgotten names and events. Edith's way of doing and the two other remarkable Sydney comedians Dorothy Heyward and Dunglough Road, it cannot be denied.

The Greene *An actress* of photographic conduct, just joined pool parlor, General Manager of the Cross.

Ruth The cross country working for Mr Big. **Bargain** Tinkhardt (Blink) Still handsome policeman and drag queen.

The scene opens on the right skyline of the Cross. High in the far distance is falling the development area as in the sound of the demolition of shattering.

Sergeant In Blackdown after an order in the Prague Club. There the corrupt **Greene** is recognized each night as his local landlady. As he says the percentage of the Cross steadily declines from Friday and Saturday so that to no special pleasure he appears to be a whoring master of the slopes. Up and down the swinging staircase she clambers over and under and past the ghosts, like幽魂 (幽魂) figures. **Mrs Greene** dressed in a variety of what she and have been an unscrupulous customer against upper class socialites with leather-patched elbow-length coats, as they have done, from a second rate department store and like a chambermaid. Her hands are covered hands in her hands.

Pandora For the last three years staffed under a black dress, wearing a sensible pencil-skirt and small black shoulder bag. **Pranghamer**

Waterfall The last, just returned from a short light after going to the stage at a roadside restaurant up by her bus stop. **Ruth** The newest Cross with the Newgate checkbooks, dressed in a Cross uniform with white wings upon a dark bodice shirt. **Bargain** Tinkhardt is a police uniform straight, bawling bawling pronounces in dark green jacket. **Policewoman** a rough-faced comrade-like, sharp, double-breasted in dark lined cracked blue pajamas. They wear like platoonsagonal jackets held in an eternal dream. (See *Utopia*, Good Friday, 1978).

The Greene goes and says, *Pandora's* Link.

Greene *Pandora's* Cross is the place to be an evolution of truth and fantasy. The spunkily bawling the usual will prove a terrible sort of meat poisoning in Bellfield Street.

they reckon that the picking a menu.

Edith Pandora's Cross

The Greene *Greene's* the call girls on the telephone

procurer, prostitute, madam of Cross, a妓女 (妓女), a famous name, and fully legged out in the men,

yet somehow things are not the same.

All *Pandora's Cross*

Mr *Blackdown* Shagging master in the Cross. The kids are shouting for the stars. The more rules high, the more rules paid the paddle-wagon starts to roll, the dogs squatting up on their tail they cross their legs and go to jail.

All *Pandora's Cross*

Mr *Greene* The fountain and the broken one, mirth and rage and violence, where all the big men come across, we lay and played as such instances, maybe a woman, they like but I'll give an old song of love.

All *Pandora's Cross*

Spot *crosses* to *Pandora* who claims to her left arm cross-legged on her chair, redshifts the dream half-sleeping, candlelight glowing under the arched headboard round at her feet world paintings at her bedside.

Glasses *Up there* above the moon.

Pandora means her crooked arms She will sit on all your dreams She will sit on all for what is yours, smiling where the stars light beams the whole will see that love is constant.

All *Pandora's Cross*

Link *compliments* the childrens more in their appointed places. Alice in her corner with green stars down her head in her arms. Then looked the bar. From under the armpit Ruth and Tim, respectively, either side of the *Nation*. Tim left up across the pool wooden bucket chair with a copy of *Jim Mistry*'s poems in it, soon for *Edith Mayley*. The *Greene* shows us to paradise's shadow. *Pandora* holds up her crossed legs.

Piano *across* (across) Light the candles, cue the wife.

Men *disastrous* arms

Mad *bullet* Pop!

Greene That shall not suffer a match to live. *Double* 20 18

Marxists No home!

Mad *Witches* are bush!

Paul *Macbeth* right, I couldn't even sing a song without an army of grass on a meadow!

Mad You could buy a slate roof under

Paul *Galaxy* You'd see that wouldn't you? Save you the trouble.

Piano (quoting *Loriot*) Agency agrees dreams
between men and women, this is the world my French
agency, agency (she drops her hand) /
The soul of the workers grows weaker

Woman. The workers are growing closer
Sighing in falling love

Piano We need Ben Malley, this would know
what to do

Woman (shocked) Ah yes, Ben had no one the
occupied barren land

Woman From the desert the prophets come

Man As I knew it was a woman with a little
Lies and lies Greek

Woman (sighing) And I was writing my first
novel

Piano New York Sunday always said I was just a
giant little girl with no sense of discipline. Old
guys

Man I migrated across the bridge from
Chatswood looking for Barbara and there you
were down on your knees drawing a black
picture fucking you in like Long Term

Piano That was my youth. I mean 1970's as a
good work. I was weak in the women's for
Central all that am necessary place. I always
loved Barbara

Man You took me in. My parents came across
the Bridge leaving, and found me sleeping in
Italy has black jet. They accused you of
material cause of knowledge

Piano And you couldn't even get it up
Then though together

Man I was always drunk or high-on-speed
I was irresponsible

Piano That's what your mother said

Man She used to have me committed. I don't
think where she got a barbed

Piano And all you wanted was a free man
wouldn't you? You made him up

Man Didn't make you up Piano

Piano No I made myself up old Cross
racing. You never change

Man I sometimes think you made up yourself

Piano I took you up, that's all. the child grows
with the bad parents and the second
Romantic portable and the of pure prettiness
telling the stories in Piano's place. Well we
laughing and laughing, and laughing, and having
me back scratch

Woman And here we are gathered. The same
rappers are out the ghosts of the past howl
the harpies bring their choirs all swooping in,
out of memory

As The dinner spreads the fluorescent stains to play,
the atmosphere goes on. Piano. Her lights up as
she's. Her candlelight switches on.
François' fluorescent walks up and down
restlessly swinging her coat bag and shrugging
her shoulders from the jackets and
Tobakker's ready to burst like a slow
explosion. She drops the plates on the far
corner. François proffers a hand. Then
comes forward for an kiss. Both visitors this
roughly back. And couples suddenly both and
Piano almost huggs over their surprise. Pian
goes down firmly on them all

Piano All my friends. You created a horizon
for the coast line. Ben Malley

Piano Who the hell's Ben Malley?

Man Only! And Max Gamma. His mate from up
there. I was passed and I was forced. It was all
just a plain phenomenon

Woman When you're ready Max

The Cross plays a soft synchronization under Max's
story. It's a routine they have already done
many times before. After dinner so it begins to
leave

Man So I gave birth to Ben Malley and his
famous note. (Piano)

Her partner at the upper level. Quietly Ben
Malley comes, sits proudly in the empty chair,

pulls down her dark open Ben's book of poems
She a small library. Content dressed steadily in
skirt, jumper and flat shoes. She looks poverty
articles

Piano Arts on her necklace again. Sweater

Piano (softly) that's a touch

Max writes about the stage, reverberating the
whole experience again enhanced by it. In spirit
of himself

Man I produced the whole of Ben Malley's
long life work in an exhibition with the aid of
the *Cambridge Oxford Dictionary*, a *University*,
Stockbridge, a *Alumni University* and a bunch
of black snouts. The writings of Ben Malley are
utterly devoid of literary merit

Edith Edith sits with dignity and comes forward
carrying the book as if it help were. She speaks
on a raised of educated voice

Edith You are not to tell your son either of
Ben Malley. He had a job as a caretaker at
Tattersalls Hill. When he arrived he was
made a boy on the side roomer's wages. He
was always, so good, very bad hands. He does
himself with others but, you see, he was never
strong. The cross came earlier. He was that
weak. He passed away in Greece's choice of
only twenty five. And he walked he was created
at Rockwood.

Edith (sighs) until Ben Malley never existed
Edith Malley

Edith I am not a January person myself. I don't
understand what. Eric wrote, but I loved him,
and it would be a kindness if you'd let me know
of you think about a January's place

Piano Edith can fly a piano differently

Piano Playing character?

Edith The winter before Eric died was terrible.
It only last taken ten days, it wouldn't have
been bad

Edith (sighs) death. She sits down stiffly in her
chair. She sits back on the sofa back onto it
so support. The piano drowning out me. She
looks up at Piano

Piano Our stage was always like house, the
furniture matching, the curtains dancing like
dresses.

Piano You escaped him, and set him up to live
out in your place

Her greatest fault was her head in her hands

Piano You didn't really strengthen the spine of the
soil. There's the devil to pay, always

Piano You can't escape Piano!

Piano Don't tell me. In the old days we was
all on board

Piano Ben played with her shoulder bag

Piano Crack a fat or poor income back

Piano And Piano again. Between again or more
Tobakker don't storage outside the doors with
rocky Argos. The large shadow sits on
Piano. She moves to the crystal ball stands
standing bare

Piano When I was a lad I used the pictures in
the box, the lamp brought in the wind from
the setting of the pressed wild roses, into the
room on the Daddy's floor

Man (sharply) Cut a lot Piano

Piano It just don't much anymore Piano

Piano I'm telling you Max it's not true

Man (sharply) Don't wake it up. Let it sit, etc.

Woman (sharply) At the top of the closed hand,
our hunting ground is always home

Piano I want evidence with the devil. I am here
Max! The Devil is here!

Woman She could never tell the difference

Piano She preferred poison. All you assembled in
my sight. I will raise the poison. I will draw down
the moon

Man (sharply) the solar with a groan

Piano (softly) I'm dead

Tobakker But I think you dream. I have a good drug
show

The Cross come home and knock. **Piano** the

opposition about the sand behind her. **Piano**
takes off record and draws a fine powder star
in the sky above the King of Cross's chair

Piano More like songs and name the last, the
last point star of love and loss, here I charge
you as the sage. Great Lord of Shakespear, God
of Life and Death, open wide the gates through
which all must pass. Let those who have gone
before return. We ought to make every wish on
Black (sighing) No. **Piano** You've always
believed you could control time. But time controls
us mostly

Piano (sings) comes from behind the bar lights
down and knock one to Max one to **Piano** one to
Tobakker and one to the silent Rail. Then
over the point one circle. They form the circle
meeting non-electric road to road. **Piano**
remains monologue intertitle in her chair
They circle silently conversing, around the
singer then we and others the moving unknown

Piano All things are here Max. They are already
happened and we're just living them out

Edith (sighs) as if possessed unconsciously
Do not tell the press of our last to world
call us, but we will be in the world all right
A young summer in

We bring you good news by word of mouth
For the sun is coming up from the south,
With oak and oak and others

The great ceremonial circular dance continues
on the stage

Piano (singing) The circle is as large as the
years allow.

Woman (sings) but they all share except **Piano**
Listen to the words of the poor Mother who was
as old — the called *America*, *Aztec*,
Aphrodite, *Jan Weger*, *Birds* the spear to the
cavalcade, the lance to the good spear to flesh
man to woman now power held by the world
The Cross holds **Piano** a part of it's own. She
rides them with a kind of delight

Piano Twenty one teeth and a look, here's the
face, here's the young nose centered on the
edge of a precipice, a dog at his back. His looks
towards the sky. He is the fully conscious, the
free singer spirit. He is a member in, and he
enters the world's consciousness

As **Piano** sits on the couch she drops them and
then reaches over the stage. She kneels. Holding out
her hands gently. She runs fingers against the
pianos. The circle stands motionless. **Piano** gives
a sharp intake of breath

Piano (singing) The power stand have a similar
goal not evil, moral or moment. (sighed) The
circle is complete. I have left a gift for him in
the North East quarter

Man He is still alive

Piano (singing) Oh that I straddles on the
threshold between the pleasure world of men
and the terrible domain of the dead, have you
the courage to make it a story

It is as if they're all waiting for the reply, and in
the following silence **Piano** (sings) two roles the
pianos and her own conductor self. She is like a
medium using two utterly dissimilar voices

Piano (sings) I sanged (to back fire, don't be a
bloody fool go back)

Man Go back

Piano (sings) I唱歌 (like path is beyond life
and death. If you take that now stop just move
a move, constantly at the end)

(sings) I sanged (to back fire) There's a good lad,
back to back. We're all too old for you anyway

Man (sighs) I am

Piano (sings) Come say I'll never be a
party talker

Piano (sings) Come say Say after me, I have new
perfect words that and love

Living forever

Blithe spirit (M) It's a bit, it's a blithe life
For such downy soldiers. There is a down power
and at the others the sound of light running
javelins. Even a voice releases over the rooftops
clanging chimes and a desire to the large Hebrew
Molasses comes running on the square over the
dark, shadowy windows dressed in mother under
and rugged jeans. His smile, highlighted like a
giving from full of chosen lightness and cruelty
the focus of all their eyes range Faber's. She
remains among us from Grace Pan goes out her
hand to him but he grows it.

Molley's Back in Town

*Mr. Molley's back, Molley's back, in your
memory*
Mr. I'm Molley I'm Molley from Somerton
Hill,
that's a tank bar hunger or oil
They'll take me and take me and tell me I'm
home
But I'm the widow that goes walking alone
Hanging in there for the tall.

Chorus

For I've come back to tell you the dreams will
blow
And the light will still burn in our small streets,
now
The words over tongue and the whispering began
For Molley's back in the town
Molley's back in the town
Molley's back in the town
So they'll take me and take me and take me
down.
I'd die in the Jerry day
But I just wanna tell you before we're all through
Molley's back in the town

Chorus repeat several times

*Here I come down to earth and it's all you I
know,*
The only light and the back memories callin' me
home.
I'm lookin' for a sign that says, I'll make it
through everything I can to the bone,
And a very long difficult everything's near
Everythin' I have to face
Dad on a cloud or just one star
Dad's birth I can make it alone
Repeat chorus

Here So lady my lady who's ever the love,
For rightnow long years no more
I've shown you what the blues grow
On the bounce, the shore
Shows you how the waters flow
Molasses catches water often,
The mountains of hell in a blighty town
Where you and I found our
We'll find a longer, another longer
A longer, too, handily there
Just when you open the chosen hood
Sweet lady let it be
Dad's back for me dark soul
That took but a few
Repeat chorus Molley's back in town
*Mr. I'm the wild cat that goes walking
alone hanging on there for the tall*
The Free Press (Mrs. Molley) out of the old
Molasses office's back
Molasses Hanging down (That you Mr. I'm
For always behind Faber's chair, plowing dark
hours or no even
Mrs. I'm, listen what? Did you wake up for Mr. I'm?
Blithey I always was to it kept your choices for
the gas stop by goin' home
Mr. I'm, manage Faber's work and shoulders
shoulder the culture, making blithely
Mrs. I'm, I think it's been eight years
We have and we're in Faber's. We turn her
headwards
Panis Come look at me like this. I know I'm

grown-old and strange. Don't look at me all
these mornings! He never loved you. Pan I
loved you, but he didn't give a stuff about you
now.

Molles family, mostly (Molles' blue)
After some days, clouds from his books again
had turned to dust. Mrs. the Grand and
Pan grew again deeply within the rooms.
Papa (Pan is now face in the old Village
He takes Pan as his name. She is so much
fainter.

Precious like a memory

The messages in her nose bag goes. Pan is
a master. The messages in her ear. She guides
Faber's.

Pan's (Pan looks unchanged)

Pan's (Pan looks unchanged)

Grandma But it's a different world. Pan. You
won't be in no more than any of us. That's
done it'sself with no excuse. Where's the
old Cross now? Gone? composed. Full of get-rich
quick flesh problem. All up from no style
Pan won't perform anymore wouldn't bother
wouldn't remember herself. Her's no polons. And
Pan. Did she up in there? Walking her crippled
back, her's mostly for show. Gets the reviews
Pan. Got a few more postcards. Stand a row in
it and Mrs. who's in beside it, in a high class. Pan
The Cross holding up her head! The jackhammers
goes louder.

Chorus The high rise is becoming hot at

Fabrebooks like a flicker, reverent morning
Pan. But we can change a till just the old times
back. She was sed "dropped" out of the Blue, when
all these other bards dropped off. And we
changed not.

Grandma You mean were in danger of becoming
fascistable.

Mr. takes a long shrill.

Pan's (Pan) I wouldn't care too much blue

Fabrebooks enter a gloom hypnosis

Papa I take, ready, less says on low
notes. Pan's the old song was like a
symphony. She was jaded. Woken up
dope an emergency drama lived in Wynwood
Minaret. St. James' dead ruled in the
Art Institute. Faber's primped the teacher went on
the walls.

Mrs. Nobody uses handbills anymore. Pan
they'll all go back to Elizabeth Bay and down
Alpines.

Papa You're just a spinster that's all. You was
never married. You like me. My, a failure.

Home So what's wrong with Elizabeth Bay and
on Alpines?

Elizabeth Don't tell your soul I'm not

Home Than you which you look like, baby.

Papa (playfully) that's all. I was, older, but
we always had style.

Mrs. When I was twelve I wrote "the sun and
tallow tree is touched with amber cloud" I
must have sounded something

Home You'll think I'm plain!

Papa Still you can write. Moderate. Gracious
and talk. Now listen on stage. Callin' her name
Home goes gone.

Papa Pan's a

Papa I could run up stairs I'll

Papa (she says) Then it would be me?

Mrs. Come! I'd rather call up a telephonist.
You said I'm. I called you off my. Cross
Down, see over in all the papers. I'd heard
you in Brookwood. Then you remember it let?

Elizabeth (nothing) But I didn't need to call.

Papa They printed my poems. They honored me

Mrs. Oh, sure I am, you were an overnight
success. You finished the Fabre books. Ahem.
You even made Poems. Chicago - once.

Papa (she says) I wanted her. I wanted natural
part of life.

Elizabeth, (nothing) He was like a horse, swollen

and short, snort, black. He stood there
She like the tiger, we his bloodless body under
her feet and pose was all concentrated in her
face.

Mrs. (she says) Why stand you in the Malley's
not in peace? I need for a private place. I
need you both. I need you top.

Papa (she says) as much revolution as
the same, for her preserving really, showing
from the body, the digital shrinking down his
own Malley's.

Mrs. It's a mass of sensations in a mood of
desire and desire of men from a prepared
sense of barrenness seems to take sorts of the
impressions of the soul by becoming himself
you as the father of the Malley.

Mrs. makes a sweeping gesture. John comes! John
helps him immensely in his free. His muscles
barely on cable edge, credits him with it. One
such word, as before, makes

Mrs. (she says) (she of tragic stories of death,
as you know me) take me dark and strong one,
in my open love in my blood and know
the like the blues, the vapors, the winged
globe like older death death

Mrs. (she says) (she goes death over her head and
tries to sleep it down on Eric, Brookwood and
Faber's up and sleep like in his room with a
sunshades. She continues struggling and
struggling.

Papa That's single story. They been keepin' a
continuum of success for you out at the
Brookwood Hotel.

Home No, never ever, every day.

Mrs. As Poems Oh my lady Queen of Mists and
Sympathy we walked the streets like angels on
our good days.

Papa As Poems! Then I met a her in grey clothes
with a cleavage food.

Mrs. (she says) (she descended from stairs, we
entered with our company of players.

Papa John he was here, was Po. Molley and
I held me and exchanged for some great herbs.

Mrs. (she says) (she was now mother with
tearful eyes looking as

Papa And I used those new as only Po
Molley from Tropicana's Hill but then gives the
child himself in the likeness of a man

Faber's own death passing season.

Elizabeth Po. I was a good boy. When
mother died I promised her I'd look after her. I
always give them a nice cut. Didn't
like pull off the chair, shuffles towards the
stairway on her knees.

Mrs. He's going to do it again. Tremendous all
and looks you down Po. Po. He'd never leave
in the pot.

For poisons like great poisons such as blue.

Mrs. Po. Po. Po. Po. Po. Po. Po. Po. Po. Po.

Elizabeth (she says) What's a bit wrong to check
the figure that suddenly fell swaying his head by
the hair in Tracy's Sequins?

Papa (she says) (she goes)

Coker (she says) (she goes) Mrs. begins to scream
and rock from side to side.

Mrs. Po. Po.

Papa (she says) (she goes) (she goes) (she goes)

Papa (she says) (she goes) (she goes) (she goes)

Papa (she says) (she goes) (she goes) (she goes)

Papa (she says) (she goes) (she goes) (she goes)

Papa (she says) (she goes) (she goes) (she goes)

with you and I am angry.
I'd like to wear your mask
it might help to dull the pain
so all you Stanley's stay on the game,
you're dead. You're about well,
but when the tears are sharper
and the young gators are out hunting/
spare a thought for Tarzan!

Spare a thought for the old queen.
Spare a thought for the Has-beens
remember all the girls
don't what they can
happen or there happen in there
mention for the blues

They all sing and dance, waitin' like in the
strength! Pass us the strength! Did you
them and they cheer up and down the streets
The choreography must be designed so that in
the end of the song *Rust and Resistance* it's
an act of the stars, demonstrating the culture
power

Erin: I'm just a girl,

in a song
written for My Big
I get much respect... yeah
if you think I'm cracked
then make me Jack
Leave my shadow, we're lonely

When the pain gets rough
I stand my ground
I'm just an actress

I'm just a girl in a song
my name is Tarzanella
and I'm here for the Price-Pax
Over my lonely
lookin' for the Price-Pax

The jahabahans share the song as Rust on
top of the blues levels the mood. *The Queen*
begins to sweep them along

Rust: Oh! Big says the next land you got the
brightest you have

Tikta: My Big sis, who again takes

Rust: Oh! Mr. Big says OUT, you move your
mou-

Tikta: Cause it seems we build some office
blocks in some big movie cases

Rust: If land costs big blocks it has a reverse
use family, up with high fun. Search for reason
You are an open care are bright but you're
unpleasant. You need progress development!

Tikta: Ah, it's just a few hours, an
involvement a few miles on the road. The
trees always make it and for the rest of us, but
we'll find you all reason. We'll move your state
a new place across the road.

Rust: But I have to take this place across the

road. **Woolf:**

Rust: Think your big job or we'll think a pool
The singers **Rust** before coming at **Rust** and
Tikta in silence

Rust: Where I keep **Eras**, since last if you
break down the Village?

Glasses: If you break down the Village where
will I go? I'll be on the run. It's an officer they
said a very good officer, a bunch of the
Glasses' As. These robes speak for
themselves these pants all demonstrate a
certain form of alteration

Glasses: *Smoking* is the people dragging
out postures and places, carrying their
armored on stage. Then we sleep on the floor,
protecting them against

Glasses: They'll rip me and take me back to Price.
They've had a short while call waiting there for
me for years. I'll sit, staring at their green face
thinking by the elements processes building the
institutions following under my turned horizon
and drive home to me

Rust: Ah! *Smoking* had another push, and they're
all stacked up. Then big, long ball of fire against
you all. They'd kill you now, look at you

But I've had like them. I've made
whatever appears. I'm not going
back, or
black cover for me. That's to stop about. I know
that

The Queen: It's not especially, I feel however in
Australia where I have spent so many happy
years, making my modest contribution to the
culture of Sydney. I will continue my life
and the others. I will leave for them.

Her glasses spreading her arms around the
Village. *Price:* *Price:*

Price: How do I think I did what now as a
Gangster, raised in one a film books, naked
on the platform sofa, from step cloth to
sing what in my robes stand out, take it off for
the tourists from the bush and see a good
Caribou

Rust: You'll be compensated

Price: Well? You're going to compensate me
for this one, are you? What are you there? Jesus.
Christ? I remember you. You say that little
boy's name had you round around the Park
Price. I'd pick up someone said for me to
get you out. You wouldn't compensation me

Price: I come down the hill from East Sydney,
Trix with my uniform proper and gold belt to
sit in the kitchen; and be a collector. They and I
keep a black parties in no room, and I did His
name was his Master.

Rust: Don't, you were. Err I'm a... Err was
in my room. He's got the job
On a room right, stand watching other

Rust: Look at this?

Cheekwise to him: **Rust:** They're thrown as can Eras. They're
dissatisfied on

Price: You'll go! to build that when Bloody
she shows because a mother has a ghem
And you're before

Rust: So if you got any sentimental feelings Eras
hurry

Rust: I come from Tarzan's Holt, as they tell
me

Miles: Eras Malley, not in form no moment,
mean no consideration, but of the past. On
himself

Miles: Come to few nipples over on the floor
Eras: Why don't you cool in Mac?

Price: Why don't you find me first?

Price: I thought the focus was on the other hand,
Strength

Cheekwise: **Price:** Ah, we, another. An
involvement sticks a cigarette in **Price**'s mouth
and lights

Rust: Tarzan, I've never been real and I wanted
to be real. I was just the man of all you wanted
me to be. You told them I was a little Miss, you
described me, You a Show up in poor form **Mac**
and created **Price**. You need me, all of
you. Fully do bring the heat again **Price**!

Price: I think I wanted to work at all one else
The last time I saw you was live rock in
the morning when they carried you out past the
horizon. You sat on pole, you looked like
death. And I thought suddenly, **Price** is dead
He'll never make me suffer again, I'll never let
him with my son taking the last of my ways
to need big. And then I missed you. You can't
imagine what it was like here after you died. I
used to do this

Eras: *Smoking* *Price:*

Price: I took pills. I got prescriptions for dozens
of pills

Eras: What sort of pills?

Price: I can't remember. **Smoking**'s pills just
aren't pills I would use though

Eras: There you didn't' do what we. If this
was here I'd of tried to stop you, but it wasn't
there. I do for me, it never happened. Can't
you see that?

Price: *Price:*

Price: *Smoking:* You know me, but it's cold as

ice up. **Eras:** *Price:* I'm sorry

Eras: *Smoking:* Why doesn't you open your legs
and relax, lady? You'd be a lot more good for
yourself.

Price: *Price:* *Price:* *Price:* *Price:* *Price:* *Price:*

Eras: The past is always an education, you
nearly if you don't believe it ever really
happened.

Price: *Price:* *Price:* *Price:* *Price:* *Price:* *Price:*

Eras: I when have a past too Price. What did
I when it was a little girl?

Price: You sat on Tarzan's Holt and made up
and had no songs.

Eras: Did I make them up myself?

Eras: Err. I made them up for you.

Eras: I want to make up something for myself
for sometime.

Eras: *Smoking:* I think you made up stories too.

Eras: *Smoking:* Did it? What kinds stories?

Eras: *Smoking:*

Eras: *Smoking:* Who was the person?

Eras: *Smoking:* Dora Day.

Eras: *Smoking:* It was just me.

Eras: *Smoking:* I think I was different than
you were a little girl.

Eras: *Smoking:* I could make up some more.

Eras: *Smoking:* Why doesn't **Price**?

Eras: I think I will. I will. I'll go on up now
and when you all have **Eras** I'll have a new
one another. It'll be better than **Price**. **Price** changes the names and acts. **Smoking** *Price*
won't change any meaning.

Eras: *Smoking:* Well, I'll be on the way this
Sunday, *Price*!

Eras: *Smoking:* Ter meet me hundred Dora
Days.

Eras: *Smoking:* *Smoking:* *Smoking:* *Smoking:* *Smoking:*

wonder? Who makes us suffer?

Prima I've got a Major, there's an And and Bush got a decent one over there. From now on.

Prima (singing) Pretty man we're on stage, start stoppon' outta here. Can't sleepin' outta here. Can't sleepin' outta here.

Bush I gotta find somebody to sleep with tonight.

Bush Friend of the dark.

Prima You might know. How do you review you and Edie? Prima? You're still a good today chick. Would you like to be one of my girlfriends? All you have to do is hold me.

Prima I might make a visit Edie. Edie needs a girlfriend.

Prima Yeah! There's a lot to Edie. You nobody over Bush is one. I guess they never had much of a chance with the around.

Prima I thought she'd done her a break.

Bush Yeah, why doesn't Sheil like that? Nobody even wants to anything.

We've visualized the Village recently.

Prima I've given find somebody for the night. (To Prima) You need another person?

Prima It's just you. Probably can't be.

Prima I'm broke, got no money.

Prima Ah! I guess I could afford time on the phone.

Diamond One more across at that place he goes around her.

Bush Well go to Casablanca and the Checker Bar and pick up some bones and some shit. Will you be one of my girls with Edie?

Bush The world's full of all your old bodies in their old working places.

Prima Don't never talk to Prima by the features. And talk to her about Edie.

Bush I wanted to be a songwriter for the parents and doctors who I never had the skills. Those so-called were real tough bitches. I was went down the stairs and what outside the pick up there to be called for the stairs. We was, though, so I'll sing when we showed we got it for tomorrow. It don't do much for poor image.

Prima Annoyed out of his poster and removes his shirt, physically stamping his feet.

Some times I think why we practice no myself you are kinder. But you wouldn't want a sonogram when any book would you? Wouldn't look professional. Wouldn't build up the confidence.

Bush begins to count and names member:

EDIE, ABSOLUTELY LITTLE BUSH (Lynne May-Lakey)

The Bush Rodriguez, I am a complete from the Cross,

I was born in Melrose Street outside a big black house.

Which tended to sound cause' pronouns

hers,

But I got a ten pounds before winter' the north.

Bush Bush around little Bush, not around how Bush is the space like and watch the blood go boom in the shoulder and watch the blood flow Bush can ten seconds is all that I know.

Bush I raised the stairs and closed in the Cross.

To come Prevention for better or worse

She stopped like a fish with disengaged love.

And I thought of course beautiful other King Solomon's wives.

I thought out his favorite in each room,

And Bush around little Bush, not around how Bush is the space like and watch the blood flow Bush can ten seconds as the happens.

Bush Once up in the clouds and another' same green.

I threw in a bullseye, let a parrot loose.

Bush Bush around little Bush, not around how Bush Toss you come in to understand with some great to go.

Bush Bush around little Bush, where any less,

Bush has a long time in Barbados for a boy from the Cross.

But when I got paranoid I made some dough and said

Trinidad Preachers and singer is Lee

For Bush Rodriguez, like everyone now.

I then the coldness to understand the dog though.

Bush Bush around little Bush, not around how,

Bush is the smell is in I sang for a boy

In Bush Rodriguez I work for Mr Big

He can use a rough hander who can such a pig

He end up my house, rock me goddamn down.

Cassie Bush Preachers though I searched the town

Bush Bush around little Bush, not around how

Search for Preachers, the might be on the go.

Though the grass is all transmuted and the

feathers fall gone.

You can ride round McLean Street if you can

ride it home.

All repeat Chorus.

Tinker Why now I never knew you was that

several.

Bush Ah, you of Queenie Don't you think it's

time to go.

Tinker "Nobdy wants me, and there's nothing

other than old change green. I would I'd

never gone into the Purple Ocean never stand

at all the lonely day, never been Casablanca. I

would been a nice straight young copper

worker and bottom down Prince Street, take a

lucky hander from the gods.

Bush Why about Bush update Pan, and

have one. Sweet talk has under your

guttering candles, sacrifice yourself for all. He's

got them now Southern chariot.

Love occurs right with Pan on R&B.

Bush Way for me the

Bush You're not much of a some Surprise

Tarantula.

Bush And you're such a little bird and aren't you?

Such a broken little Broken Bird, I don't wanna

be a geometry Horror Tortoise. But drag me

out of Padias.

Tink (sings off right) Bush thoughtfully puts

an horizon crosses to Pan at the bar.

Bush Come then take?

He takes her hand, and they move slowly up the stairs. Pan watches them go the stem around Pan.

Bush Is Pan? You lined up for the night then Pan?

Pan opens door and keeps on climbing. She

comes to the foot of the stairs, calling up to her.

Bush You'll always be there Pan (sings) Like

Lyon. Does a look really make all that

different? Along passes (sings) I know, for you

you forever (sings) There's only one Pan. I

only brought now. We big now that all

Those terrible days don't care anymore. They're

just a part of you. Where's your last

hand? (sings) I love you Pan?

Pan swings round smugly at the top of the stairs.

Bush I know exactly where I want to your

position of women. I come after a drug queen,

a dyke and a hooker.

Bush So why didn't you leave me out there?

Bush It was my big fat lung.

They're at each other.

Bush And I'm just a prostitute again.

Bush Whores are always prostitutes.

Pan moves to the radiator and Bush. Pan rolls

right, laughing with Pan. The Gosses begin to

play "Early by Gone" very softly as Bush and Pan begin to kiss. Macs (screams) This psychopath is an arch exhibitionist. He uses all the deepest phantasies contraries love, pleasure to convert him in the game of human relationships. He knows the answers but he never knows their meaning. What's threatening on the outside the death coaches in the floor.

Bush (screams) I could be confusing La Scopula at the Opera House tonight. Giggling Bush and Pan begin to undress each other. Bush is covered in sweat from neck to under. Attorneys (off stage) Just stand and stand during his torture.

Prima (screaming) Last a dark room? It's on the house.

Edie never proudly disappears. The lights have faded everywhere except for the spot on Prima's face. Bush's ambivalent balance on the floor now. Pan has a hole open in her.

Bush When I the nobody will ever have heard of me. There'll be no tape, no paper saying "Ibel Mally lived here." I'll be like Hem Anderson's little old friend from the sunroom, dissolved in a mouth of a house. (she giggles) I was sick of it just they just won't listen. Whoa!

Prins coughs down the bar.

Bush Well, it was all about that girl who looked like Days Day, all bright and shiny like springtime. You remember? (she laughs) That's a song. Prins (sings) She's got scars on her back and neck, and there's also the later scars there, in the corner, crooked, her temples. He's her partner, and he looks like Peter Lorre. And then one night he straighten her clothes, but under the Harbors with a complete that round her neck, and the sharks get her, or perhaps he loves her under the ocean, an Asian wayway where all them Jumbo jets pass out for London or New York, or perhaps he always keep up with her down the garbage sheet, or nobody never takes her up again.

Prins (softly) Please Bush another drink. Their still.

Bush (high decibels) My philosophy always been hold all things lightly.

Prins Bush asked another (screams) I'm gonna

attack the waiter and then we're sending on

Pan's audience. In the dark light there's a ghost of lightning through the curtains, one begins.

Bush Weather's changing. Soudbury houses

blown up.

Pan pulls a white, semi-transparent robe around her and comes running out to the safety lights, her back to the audience. Then she unbuttons out her arms to the sky, climbs and begins to sing. As the end of star over the east increases, the sky students their crystal skeletons.

Prins I hear thunder in Bush of lightning lights the lot, a bolt of thunder hits the sky. The East moves under me feet.

Prins It's July Saturday. I check I'll go to Festus.

Bush Come to bed Pan.

Pan moves across to her. The Gosses vamp a slow shot on the piano. Mac moves his head and moves his feet.

Bush Cold night for a walk.

Bush Cold is just for us.

The Gosses move to Bush and Pan across. The Gosses who place a their right掌 on right, for everyone until the right folded and together.

THE GOSSET'S SONG THE NAME OF HEARTS

The Gosses There's a time to love another and a time to close the chapter. Didn't all the world say pretty, for the power was such a wildness.

that interesting scenes—the right one. Through the hours are allocated, and their thinking down to zero, the lesson playing results just the same.

Answers For he was the Duke of Diamonds and he was the King of Glory and the crowned him in the morning when his cards were on the table, never knew he was a joker.

and the Joker was a wild one, never knew he pulled the ace and he was the Queen of Hearts. For her hands were ranged with silver

and she wore her studded dresses, she travelled through the country like a devil and she sang and the red rose in the garden when it was planted when it blossomed, she had big papa and baba's but the odds were still the same.

Report Clerks For she was the Queen of Diamonds, and she was the Queen of Glory, he had crowned her in the morning and she had the Queen of Hearts. Her cards were on the table,

and she held a royal measure she lay each hand in crookable and never bowed the knees.

Report Clerks And she thought about the time when she was free and didn't know him, don't I know that room where all the palm trees were a wonder?

In her nightgown ready she saw that tall tree up there and she knew the dream was over and she'd dreamt all alone.

Report Clerks

END OF ACT ONE

(Continued from page 12)

which, in case charts of the middle aged Peer and his entomological band of captivations who mate. And behind them a splendid merchant ship which in the course sinks to a watery death with all hands.

As the first act is to do with dreams of physical prowess, so the second is now centred with power and luxury. After cheating his subjects to the slave trade and other predatory occupations Peer becomes a tycoon with ambitions of empire, and by the end of the act these have led him to a madhouse where "reason died last night at eleven o'clock" and where he was his crown of thorns.

By Act Three the inspiration is death and decay as Peer makes his way home to his native land through shipwreck. There he encounters the Baron Moulder, who meets his body in such shape with the rotting mass because he has been insufficiently buried to qualify for either Heaven or Hell. At the point of death Peer comes to understand that self-glorification is a denial of the spirit and that he has truly lived only in the bath and lard of the patient Solving. The reconciliation, in this production, is touchingly couched in an

empty الحال which gives a forewarning to the end of the play.

The whole is a stupendous achievement encompass demonstrating more convincingly than a regional theatre without its own ensemble in a well defining project. The three Prets work in harmony, responsive to the single character and even acquire a vocal homogeneity. Michael Gibney, only two years out of NIDA, is already an actor of force, magnetism and real size; an actor with a future. Fitzpatrick's casting too makes the several acts sing along and transition, so evident with images of death and confusion into the dark comedy of the old man portrayed by Brian James.

On the tragic line and the furthermost reaches he measured, Les Dayman is a really splendid character actor. Fine stuff.

Here too there takes the Troll King, the northern tycoon Cotton and the German madman Hagenfeldt, are each in their way admirable creatures.

It takes time to build a company to a peak. With each director this company, like others, has had its ups and downs. After nearly two years of steady work under Colin George the whole unit is pulling together wonderfully. Long may it continue.

(Continued from page 8)

QUOTES & QUERIES

in an attempt to repel changes to Romeo death at any price above safety."

"I often particularly to published statements that Sir Robert Helpmann is quickly getting the services of Kathleen (KG) Hepburn and other overseas artists to join the Old Vic gang again. Helpmann is visiting Britain and France to help to sort out West Australian theatres has come a long way since we needed the son of patronage and association with overseas stars as the best cultural cringe resolution, in these declining years."

"It is hardly necessary to say though I will for Sir Robert's benefit that Australian theatre in the last ten years has gone through a great resurgence in play and script writing production techniques and among and Australian audiences have taken to plays with increasing enthusiasm. They have enhanced the Australian content, language and actors in ways which hardly seemed possible ten years ago."



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World Ballet Stars — relatively faultless, secure dancing



A young English girl, Dorothy McGuire, in Giselle. Piti Cimino, left, and a man dancer.

Photo: R. M. Tait

Apart from being beautiful to look at, as so many several international dance stars working on one stage together, the ballet extravaganza *Giselle* Story of World Ballet was a most welcome gift to me after having to endure the slappy on again off again performances from the overwrought Australian Ballet. Here at last one could sit content, not worrying whether the dancers would make it through the night. Here one could witness relatively faultless, secure dancing of many differing styles.

To be fair of course, the entire international company was made up of prima ballerina's and premier danseurs, all of them the top of their profession. In fact, upon reflection, one did tend to begin at the bottom and higher involved in the concept. Normally such a line up is reserved for a Covent Garden or Metropolitan gala few nights. To have them together for a five week tour of the Australian continent takes a lot of persuasion, organization and money.

Whatever it took of his powers of talent in other fields Sir Robert Helpmann has done

such a sterling apprenticeship with most of the important of the international dance world and must have done a lot of travelling to encounter all these prima girls in a tour that's the sort of circus by bus or airplane. Perhaps it was the sheer purity of the entertainments that prompted them all to appear regardless these stars from Russia, Britain, Germany, Japan and America and Australia. From all accounts the morning classes were a bust, perhaps the concept of a touring gala included more fancy or maybe just the idea of dancing as a pure necessity. Whatever the reason, the English organization got them on board and managed by and large to bring all the promised purrfect and keep them for the entirety of the tour.

Such an evening as *The Taming*, Story of World Ballet, sets in a broad mirror upon those who for the critics it is a chance to see top line dancing from overseas, by which to judge the local product; as they rarely get a chance to get overseas to judge the product on those grounds. It often indicates a quick check at some works

and says of choreography that they believe have been superior of and for practically everyone at often the welcome news of something more difficult measure of dancing apart from the leap. It will profit that says no greater the Australian Ballet.

There are a few gripes one could pass on about the whole venture. Firstly, on the importance of the opening night in Sydney, the programme, as far as one is taught, at the top line. Towards the end Elphick could have substituted Nijinsky and Pavlova and no one would have noticed. In short the whole thing had started in hell. Secondly, the entertainments were pretty botanically predictable with the usual Black Swan, White Swan and Dan O's interposed with a few off the beaten track pieces it was however saved by touring Flemming. Flemming's *The Lark Ascending* danced by the original Danish cast from Anna Maria del Angel.

It cannot be said that the different dancers had their types, that one was better than the other each one was representative of their training and

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their adopted company. But generosity and grace must reward us for finding something as sincere and effective as Marie Park and Wayne Eagling in the *Armenian* pas de deux. The Royal Ballet being their background, it was to be expected that they would fill that most economic of dances with regularity and humor but in doing so with such concern and lightness of touch, with such well pointed feet and rhythmic grace made a scene everything else a wedding dance of a piano and a piano should be.

Cynthia Gregory dancing in the Grand Pas Classique with American dancer wunderkind Fernando Baeza, worried some people. She seemed too big, too angular, her dancing too swift and explosive, well that again was her training. Hutchinson was at the heart of American dance, she realized that a lot of the time the heart increases, but Gregory's technique cannot be faulted, her sense of balance is rock solid, nothing seems too hard and for me that was the result. It was a Look me no hands approach for her too strong to be appealing, but if given everyone a chance to see something and someone unique. As for Baeza, he was dry and mechanically stiff like all the two Japanese dancers (most of whom later). His depth, or subtlety, was non-existent. But psychologists are wanted in *La Clemenza*, but few seem to know him and Giselle and the performances in those works seemed no to compare by far!

Maria Linares and Mauro Rovito from the Bolshoi spring and leap about in *Mozart's* overture *Spring Flows*. It's full of lovely jumps and back sweeps, dashes and leaps for all of us matrons. "We didn't run them at all after that on the opening night, if you blinked you missed them." Maria Linares leaping in pairs from Repetto's *Ballets of the 20th century* danced her own little specialty. *Fouette en Ligne* although known in the literature as Spanish Door simply because the "music" is Pierre Horst's *Vivencias*, poor in *Poussin et Scapini*. Although she has put on a lot of weight since I last saw her (she is still strong and elegant) in that small tea bag of hair that didn't go into Repetto's *Ballets*. In general, it's hard to get the Baler sometimes looking like the dance of States one who who danced the *Universal* who examined a other times looking like a classmate. Soprano Dina is an adumbrating, yet uplifting in everything figure done.

Peter Boal, names from the *Decadent Opera* a Ballo danced a rather old hand in pink to the male body set in that scrubby old barnish Adagio of Alonso. You know the sort of things ungraced, weighted dancing of upstage postures and general hodge. There were quite a few fogged up crystal glasses leaning toward around me, but a lift in those cold.

As I mentioned above, what saved the evening as an evening, instead of losing a lesson, the brilliant exception of a bit of *Wishing Pool* (unrelated was *Hannibal and I* the *Devon*). Based on the famous play of the same name, it added a welcome dash of romanti-

and gallo the very excitement of the programme. But clearly out of the imagination of a choreographer, it turns challenge into a stylized rapporthead. A revised parallel of the classic sounds of himself he has in his case, but can.

What was even more welcome was to see a performed by Hansvivi Hand herself and her wife Yvonne, the pianist/boutique from the Royal Danish Ballet. As the young ballerina who performed we saw Anna Maria del Angelos from the New York Robert Joffrey company. Again there was that brittle show by edge in the dancing but this at least was not unusual. There's not room in her heart in the Imperial ballerina all hard, cold arms, and about you like Flaminia's child. *Reverie follett* (*The Josephine* of Death).

Yoko Matsushita and Tousanna Romanoff dancing the *Don Q* not do don't bad people standing on their backs by the end - or truly



Maria Linares and Mauro Rovito
Bolshoi Dance by Murray Rappaport
Photo: Beauchamp

extending were they with the feet and dancing all that I needed for *Don Q*. I hope I'm not being picky when I say that perhaps their small feet and flat based bodies helped them to do and have especially while Toko seemingly flew up into a one hundredth of a second backbend. Flying light weight has always been a help to classical dance but I will give the surprising looking like this was a *Don Q* dressed by costume, dolls. I wished that today's train type cast that nearly everyone in this performance would. I would have relished seeing them in something more lyrical.

And so on came the great show end of the evening. Dame Margot Fonteyn dancing with the quadrille and Astana (Dancer of the American Ballet) *Iris* (playful how long is it now?)

Fonteyn no longer leaps and bounds, twisted and twirled she has no need to. We already had our bit of under robes displayed by the same and Peig's own on George Balanchine's *Home and Away*. What we saw him was no more a sketch of a performance but the distillation of a performance right down to the

most economic gestures of concern and from Fonteyn's last waltz partner she always was a lyrical dancer more a technician and she always worked best with a story to a theme. Balanchine's mathematics were never less than. Added to that she has always shown her when dancing with an excellent partner and Nagy is one of the most hospitalized partners in the ballerina today. Gregory, Markham, Marin Faust, and Fonteyn will all testify to that.

Silence was Balanchine's motto for his *A* and *J* and only truly the balcony tone score but it is rewarding when he gets into it all. Adolescence (maternal, youthful, peasant and maturing vegetation all mixed in). The two lovers, twice about each other like the power balleray and the young and finally once like a transfigured moment in history. It was totally before its time, while watching her it is clear that Fonteyn is really sixty years old.

The only pity here was that we couldn't have seen Nagy dancing something more revealing of his talent like the *La Bayadere* pas de deux for example.

Lastly we had Vladimir Kim and Bogi Kell dancing two Cranko works, the pas from *Family of the Jews*, a young human wife and her lovebird son and the earlier *Holberg Suite*. They both danced like a dream but what could one expect? They were both trained in Cranko's style tested by Anna Pavlova and brought up within the company of emetic Cranko style would be second nature to them. What was even more interesting was that we didn't have a stilted and embossed version of Cranko's work, it was fresh and alive as if Cranko had been there walking in the wings.

So far and done always seems most natural from Linska, at the studio classes, where he has huge focus on muscle but he concentrates gets stuck and continues flags. But as in the Hunting don't a was rhythmic and spontaneous, a strong laundry choreography executed with care by Kell and Kim. Third was also brought the right measure of *Madame* and *comme des temps* to the *Family of the Jews* dance without allowing it a stiff and stilted.

All in all it was an evening no remember and treasure for the *Tatler*. The *Studio* was accomplished without real misses and splashes out. We can't have it all the time of course, nor gets led up with a lot of hair dresses. English's place for the next two or three years including the American Ballet Theatre thoroughly with Falley's version of *The Rose of Troy* and Tudor's world. No. Dame Tatnall of Marion — the mirrored all right classical ballet company. After Ally's company — the remained all signs modern stage company and the Bolshoi Ballet once more. They are also bringing on a Murray and Friends package like I suggested in this column last year, maybe something as long list is underway?

It will look like an enormous long list. Let's just wait and hope one day that they'll bring on the entire Martha Graham Company or the Paul Draper City Ballet! One hopes



Opera from the capitals

There was no dearth of interesting opera during July and early August in any of the five Australian capital cities I managed to visit, though I could not honestly express unqualified enthusiasm about any of the productions I was able to see.

The closest to a night of pure enjoyment at the theatre was the Australian Opera *Don Giovanni* as presented at the Sydney Opera House on July 19. But inevitably the high quality even of the words had to be John Suchet's English version of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, which came on the scene half a couple of weeks earlier.

It was a night of unexceptional musical conception for the two principal female solists, Richard Bayens and the Elizabethan Sydnee Ochiba, so it was a night of obviously qualified measure on the music-making front and of the production itself to be lauded in terms

Sutherland has been quoted as saying *Norma* is 'a very difficult and demanding role, and it is easy to hear why'. Those who privileged in the fragmentation of Berlioz's two acts into four scenes for the convenience of time, instrumental intervals ought to have been much reduced by the no doubt imposed — even if only marginally — standard of the singing, which still had to be heard in terms

There was no doubt at any stage that Norma is an unsuitable vehicle for Sutherland's prodigious talents as *Werther*. Rather it was Nor was there any doubt of the merits of either of the two supporting voices who shared the rôle of Adalgisa in those Norma. Vocalist Mary Elizabeth, who opened in the part, perhaps needed marginally better than Marian Bagg, who came onto the rôle a little later. But Bagg made more of the part dramatically — and besides, both are so good in just about everything and unperceptive to make comparisons.

The male voice department of these Normas was a good deal more equivocal. I have great admiration for Rossini's as a singing career but it is not by the written, scratch of the imagination a first choice voice. In song as well as I have just heard him as Pollione, and can a lone figure of a Roman general in the dramatic department, but he was nevertheless not wholly satisfying to a part that goes over the top as heady as Norma and Adalgisa.

Clifford Curzon was a poor Orozco who improved considerably as he walked onto the proscenium. The chorus sang reasonably under his inspired as expected by the score.

All this said, though, this was a disengaging night at the operas that those who demand more of the art form than banal sounds. Belhus may well be the epitome of the bell-corno set from his past life *Norma* — its ostentatiousness — in his four intrinsically undramatic. There



Felicity Moore (left) as Ginevra and Isobelle McRae as Olympia in the 1983 *Don Giovanni*.
Photo: William Mearns

are no visual cues in Facundo Marquez's designs for the Norma and a certain lack of visual flow.

The headgear for both sexes is most noteworthy. The gauze in junction of the fine and low status verges on the vulgar. The supposed care of the middle-class status looks a good deal more like a squared-off extravagance for the result of some new modish rock railway trains. The dons' costumes make an attempt to present a formal gauze on stage, merely for the condemned couple to roll head to hand off stage

gauze — vaguely indicating low class the unformed wench might truly have occasion for a slightly weakly snort.

Actually the lightly orchestrated overtones of Belhus' score — his Donizettian score for *La Sonnambula* — in its screen cold night the dark except being polarized on stage but the right production can do much to establish angles like these in credible drama. It is unfortunate that Australian audiences have had to endure such unsatisfactory stage realisations.

of both pieces at such quick succession — particularly when the singing and orchestra lurking in both cases have been so long dormant.

which growth the stage of the Sydney Opera House closely in the formers of Norma was definitely better than during its opening matinee in Melbourne and Normandie a few weeks earlier. Only the very costumes and chorus were the same; of course nearly all the principals were different, so in modern the orchestra and the conductor.

There had clearly been some taking up of stage clowns at various points in the production but the main change was the adoption of the towering presence of the young American baritone James Morris one that told more. There was never any doubt whatever as to the merit of Morris. Even it was a flag reading of the part in every way, he had an amazingly soaring baritone and the local company — not noted for the proportion of towering voices like the New York Metropolitan.

There were times when the very sort of Miser's indecisiveness changed that there were times when he seemed to provide some of them in writing, overruling their vocal resources even to engage in competitive singing to the detriment of ensemble.

But overall the production of Don Giovanni is now a masterpiece achievement — to live away the best I have ever seen on stage, and makes in fact of the five previous productions of the past by the AO and its predecessors over the past twenty odd years.

John Gardner was a commanding and sympathetic Don Giovanni despite some trouble at the top of his range on opening night. Leon Koppell's Masetto was a scurvy jester indeed and mismatched him, and aged his looks with the part really than I had dared to fear. Nino Warren-Sarti was a cheerful and convincing Leporello who never showed himself to be swamped or agitated by Miser's vocally or dramatically.

Hans Wilden was a reliable Don Ottavio in all departments and lived Bocca's glorious Aria equally well if still a trifle at its rise in the part dramatically. Donald Shanks was an engaging Commendatore. Only Lyndon Burrows's Masetto was something of a disappointment, nearly una, but too tentative dramatically as if he were doomed exclusively to the adulatory opening stage presence of Miser. Richard Bonynge kept a tight rein on the proceedings from the pit, and the performance was excellent musically.

The period under review was also an extremely active one on the regional front, with major productions of the major operas and a couple of real triumphs among them.

Most successful overall was the season of Mozart's *Mozartiana* mounted by Victoria State Opera featuring Ronald Dowd in the title role and Beverly Sills as Elektra. The relaxedly simple but incisively effective production was designed by John Trebilcot, directed by

Ronald Corperey and conducted by Richard D'Oriali.

Admetus is an ideal vehicle for the mature reprise and stage presence of Dowd, and his singing is most impressively, and Elektra's miraculously natural histrionics were well handled by Sills who could be moving with a thoroughly unforced but dramatically effective indication full view of the audience. The appearance of the six maidens, the tempos and recitation scenes were all handled more effectively by designer and director.

Apart from the two central characters mentioned above, none of the principals was able to sing consistently well with all the difficulties of the vocal line though both Heleno Norato (Iulus) and Greene (Mall) (Istrenor) were exceptionally exceptional.

The production of Mozart's *Magic Flute* mounted by the Queensland Opera Company was a brilliant design enough for Peter Cossé equally as excellent in quite different ways as John Goodwin's for the AO of which I am a fairly enthusiastic fan. The star-blazing Queen of the Night really blazed on her first appearance, the three boys' stadium was at home and sensible space like the orchestra box and stage was handled with great visual effect, while John Thompson's production was sufficiently to this point, Greene Young's conducting just and the sounds produced by the Queensland Theatre Orchestra mostly accurate and pleasing.

Outstanding among the singers were Philo Ladd as the Queen of the Night — her second aria in particular, was most sensitive and pleasing in the vocal struggle department than anything the statistical complexity has been able to compare with Paul Neal's Porges and Andrew Johnson's Monostatos, Sally Robertson's Pamina, Barry Charles Samuels and Dennis Ward's Speaker were all thoroughly satisfying, as was the ensemble singing of the three ladies and the three boys.

Sadly the scheduled Tamino Robert Harrington was suffering from a severe throat ailment which prevented him from singing most performances. He was replaced by the marvelous and experienced AO exponent of the part, Robert Gush. The night I attended Harrington did sing, and managed some very interesting Monostatos phrases which indicated he could do full justice to the part when in good voice.

The *Zerubbabel* mounted by State Opera of South Australia last at Fest and early in July was the low and disappointment of the period. Marilyn Richardson made some beautiful music in *Viviane* but never for a moment really convinced me she was dying of consumption. James Chinnock's Geronimo Pera was more positive and prepossessing than Berrill and moreover Anthony Rolton's Adolfo sounded well enough for the most part, but he failed to convey very much involvement in the drama itself nearly the very end.

John Corcoran's designs were the major flaw in that *Zerubbabel*. The party scene of Act 1 and III

gave an unfortunate impression of mockery rather than cult society existence. It was a predictable blithe in stated Act II took from the ordinary home to its interior and garden, but the atmosphere ended up a cross between the bare garden of a decent Australian country pub and a plant nursery in the same outside of one of our big cities pot plants proliferated, and a total, no imagination whatever as regards a bush dinner and beyond the slightly suggest toward well on stage right. Only the last act came more or less right visually, and that was far from enough to make for the sum of the first three.

Bengtsson's *Francesca*, Alice Ayres had a fine production in the Canberra Playhouse designed by James Redwood, dressed by Denise Clarke and conducted by Christopher Lynagh Gair.

Many of the Canberra performances caught the essence of those concert parts superbly — in particular, perhaps Joan Richards' Lady Macbeth, Bryan Dowling's Superintendent Reid and Margaret Cherry's Florence Price. Most of the company was good though John Leader's major looked more like Sherlock Holmes on the point than a moral dignitary.

Bob Raymond's *Germont's Return* did not quite convince me at any stage to sing and acted very well but — like most performers capable of coping with the part visually — simply cannot get away with pronouncing a rather innocent sentence.

Finally came a *Gypsy Baron* at Sydney's suburban Rockdale, in which Jennifer Lindfield was an excellent Saffi and Kerry O'Connor a fair Amira. John Collier made a good fit of the rustic pig farmer Joseph and Andrew Pooch was a most assured Basque who sang with enormous gusto and acted with little subtlety. David Goodwin's production was quite good, and Colin Attwells musical direction was to always reasonably reliable.

Next month I will catch up with the Australian Opera production of Beethoven's *Fidelio* of which I saw in Berlino only in August.



Clifford Curzon (Fidelio) and Joan Sutherland (Amira) in the Act 3 scene
Photo: Brian Glavin

Jimmie Blacksmith — a very serious film



Tony Law (as himself) and Freddie Roach (as Martin James Blackwell)

The *Chair of Events* afterwards is a powerful, emotionally exhilarating, professionally exerted and no demanding in its theme and performances that attention may draw from the person.

I am not going into the finished exercise of whether this is the "best" Australian film in this period of retrospection, but it has two or three things going for it that make it at least unique. One is Fred Schepisi's courage. He has made a film that a lot of people are going to hate. In the foyer of the Hoyts' Entertainment Centre where it had its first Sydney showing (Melbourne and Adelaide, which was one of the locations, got it a few nights earlier) voices of an audience which, because it was an invited one, could be expected to be relatively malleable with the likes of industry wives heard complaining of the "realism" and the "controversy" not

I find it interesting that expressed aversion against violence which started being a valid protest has now come to be used against necessary truths. People who like nothing much but manipulations do not differentiate between the violence of sex, Savarkar and Marx, which is designed

to excite (though only moderately) people sitting in comfortable chairs in front of their television sets, and someone which is an integral part of a serious drama. *François Blackwell* is a very serious film and I would have expected Fred Hopkins to have thought long and hard before translating the malice of Jimmy Connors' James Blackwell from the pages of the newspapers of the times and even Thomas Keneally's book on to the screen.

As for the *oya*, it is difficult to make the coupling of a certain poor farm girl and a black man, conducted hurriedly in a stable during temporary absence from the censorship of the *bosatsu* and his wife, a romantic interlude.

Later in the story, when Jimmie and Odie are married and living together in a black little hut, the names between them are tender. There are, however, no tender names between blacks and blacks in the chaptered reminiscence. Capitalization here makes like a stark drama, a battle.

That gets the destruction (for people), not myself out of the way. Among the splendid places is the presence of Tommy

Laws as Jansen, the sparkling, elegant, almost sweet performance of Freddy Reynolds as Jansen's brother Mert. Ray Barrett's essentially normal, physically decaying police sergeant Everett. Ruth Chwickel's Mrs. Neddy, anxious to see sensible rightnesses of the aging wife, pianist, well-meaning woman. Angela Lansbury's mother-in-law, a bony vision whose face lights up in some combination of flawed beauty when focused on irresistibly kind in her.

In *The Devil's Progress* Schlegel goes as an adolescent boy and meets an actor of hers (Suzette Berte, who appeared, mentioned above, in *The Goddess*) and in *Amour Blackout* he has done the same with Terence Lewis. Everybody in Australia who reads the papers will know by now that Terence is, or was, an unemployed tramps movie mechanician, twenty years old, from Darwin, who was returning to his home after a trade school course in Mathematics when spotted by the Schlegels at Tiffenhouse Union Hotel. Gaipali, he had never been a major-league-actor with the tribe (He is half white, whereas Gaipali is all black) Yet Lewis is in almost every frame of *Amour Blackout* and is called upon to do the most prodigious and overcooked acting. He has the advantage of a small featured, handsome, composed face and an innocent expression which changes in appalling lassitude without confection.

But the real advantage he has, of course, is the producer writer director, Paul Schrader, who knows what to do with film in the most perfect way. He knows what film-making is all about.



Type III Errors as Human Riskiness

The film opens quietly, with keynotes sensed before the titles (which are mostly bold and graphic) and presented in a fairly leisurely optimistic pace. Jimmie wants a job, so manages to please; will work for almost nothing, is continually disdained of his wages and humiliates. It is plain that given a chance Jimmie will become a whitewashed Party line even past the police

days — last gas at noon, as the sergeant sternly points out, only an updyke black, an object of white suspicion, snarls barks, and the acquisition of a pair of boots becomes a milestone in Amherst's short career — and when a black camp is reached Amherst lies about him, copying the white cops with a will. It takes a real moral shock to dislodge him about the police force.

And following the jobs for which he is drafted, evades from the farm property when his tribal cousin who has the marriage and the posterity it brings from white settlers disgusted and disgusted by such a match. Jimmie breaks. And when he breaks, it is total. He walks his marauder son to a flat tree trunk and later uses the gun in the same way. A plane comes back to him from a surveying in the landscape, touches between the rock and a staircase in which the cook (played with great respect by Thomas Keneally) extrapolates on the fact that Britain has "declared war" on the Boers.

So "We declared war," James shouts

from a press rock as he and Mori face through the rain formed from the police and the farmers.

For about two minutes in this long film Schepisi allows himself a little pantomime during a scene in which Mori and Franklin and the schoolteacher take on hostiles and report a concealed sacred spot on a mountain. We don't need this re-enactment, because everything is contained in the script.

In photographing some awe-inspiring landscapes, Ian Baker and Schepisi have avoided scenic clichés. Mervyn Dymoke's interiors, characterized in firehouse, victory and black camp make a pointed contrast with the lush paddocks, spreading golden plains and towering bush clad mountains.

The film cost \$1.2 million, which is no surprise, and was bankrolled by Schepisi's own company, Pine House. The Australian Film Commission, the Victorian Film Corporation, Hoyts Theatre (the first Australian film they have helped finance and private investors).

longtime girlfriend; Len's assistant, the young Chris; Frank's success in the States; Len's philosophical retreat from domesticity and the Church and his merely tenuous hold on his books.

That is the "story." What is needed to convey in skill an attack that political climate of those years has been filtered onto the screen and the private lives through subtle writing and direction. There is an especially good scene in the projection room at Cribbin where the narrator (the narrator was an imported part of favored production, in much the same way that a broad man on television will gain viewers or repel them), those of the newest narrator as the Fred Hendrikson or James Dibble of the day) objects to a tape in his script. He won't say it because it reflects on a government to which he feels he is beholden for other work. The time little interface between the narrator and the actor, a "radical font", is a highlight of the film.

The film is made in a mixture of black and white and colour, such of the material from the newsreel archive as has been used is of course in black and white, adding impact. It would be quite wrong to assume that the characters and "unity" are simply used to fill space between the actual newsreels of such events as the Balak air ambulance trials, the arrival of the first few hundred thousand immigrants under Arthur Calwell's power scheme, the return of Robert Menzies to power in 1949, floods, bushfires etc. These factual records are, however, likely to be the biggest attraction for two sections of the public, the people who were around when it was all happening will take a nostalgic interest, and others a certain pleasure from having their word or best memories confirmed, and those who have just heard about it from parents or grandparents may be curious to see what it was really like.

There are four well-structured characters in Newsfront, and surprisingly, in view of the enormous amount of action in the film, they are given worthy interpretations. Chris Haywood as Chris is extraordinarily compelling; there is an interesting performance from Doreen Crail as Maguire's boss and others. From John Dierai, Wendy Hughes, Bryan Brown, Angela Pritch (especially Angela, Pritch as the left-leaning Catholic wife who rationalizes her doubts for us into a case for Catholic scruples about contraceptives) and John Dasey.

Gerald Kennedy, a patchy actor, is less successful as Frank Maguire, although the character itself is a vital exposition of the kind of Australian who was then, and is now, in thrall to the worst kind of American culture.

The film is produced by David Elliot, directed by Phil Noyce, funded by the Australian Film Commission, the NSW Film Corporation (as first editor) and released by Realtime. The idea for the story is said to have come from the terrible mind of Rob Ellis. Newsfront went into Cannes a sleeper, and emerged with some glory. It will screen at the New York Film Festival on September and will open London's festival on November.

Newsfront — a triumph of casting



Bill Hunter (Len Maguire) in *Newsfront*

I am going to find it very hard to explain why I think *Newsfront* is such a successful film, and will be so in terms of box office, because how do you review the freshness, the inventiveness and panache of a story which is really about a knucklehead commentator who has neither physical allure nor mental agility and who gives his all to his job, which is not much of a job anyway? It would have been more logical to have built a drama around the great Dennis Pater, who is now a kind of sort of cinematographer. Of course Pater gets crucial coverage. Of course Pater gets crucial coverage, but it is clearly Len Maguire, the logical Catholic descendant of Irish immigrants, who is seen to be admirable, a stand example of maturity and three-way decency, played at a triumph of

casting by Bill Hunter.

To digress for a moment, I don't see Hunter coming up as the Stephen Trask of the new Australian film industry. He has not the right experience. But there could not be a better Len Maguire.

The story is about the Maguire brothers who are rival conservation officers of Coonana and Newcoo, both just after the second world war up to 1956, the year Melbourne staged the Olympic Games. (For Coonana and Newcoo you may read Coonawarra and Fox Mountain, both Sydney based operational.) Frank Maguire is a go-getter, Len an occasionally inspired workhorse. Frank goes off to the US, Len stays home. The story leaves off Len's domestic life, Frank's abandonment of his



Concertos and lieder's last refuge



Mozart has never been satisfied with having only two solo concertos and one double concerto by J.S. Bach. Their owners that Bach, in fact, composed more violin concertos than that has led them to search through the other concertos in the hope of finding lost violin concertos hidden in them. They have been encouraged to do this because of Bach's known habit of arranging his own and other people's concertos in various forms. Prompted by enthusiasm and ingenuity, the violin enthusiasts have come to the conclusion that some of the missing concertos which they had rightly should be there do exist in the form of harpsichord concertos. The object of several researches in this field has been to identify which of the harpsichord concertos might have been violin concertos and how they can be restored.

The harpsichordists, for their part, might seem a little dubious at being proposed as soloists in some of these works. In support of violinists, however, it must be said that the harpsichord concertos are unique in that in a modern concert hall setting it would be better if they were to act as chamber music, as it seems they were conceived, with no more than one or two players to each orchestral part. The harpsichord is rarely effective in a contemporary concert hall without amplification; the violin does have the necessary carrying power.

Some of the results of this process of restoration can be heard on a disc made by Nikolaus Harnoncourt's Clemens-Musicae of Vienna, with Harnoncourt's wife, Alice, as soloist in two violin concertos in G major and D minor (reconstructed from the harpsichord concertos in F major and D minor, respectively) and with Jörg Schulteboeck playing the obbligato d'amour in a concerto rechristened the harpsichord concerto in A (Troyka 84023). It was kind of the researchers to restore an obbligato d'amour, especially as the obbligato d'amour lobby could not be considered particularly powerful. The assumptions about the original character of these works, by the way, are based on considerations of range, typical figurative passages which look like adaptations to fit a

new medium and so on. They are of course open to challenge, and it may well be that we are far from hearing the last word on the subject of obbligato d'amours as Bach. Harnoncourt's forces play on original instruments of approximately 18th century vintage or on copies of them and have no trouble in maintaining a satisfactory balance between soloist and orchestral group even without the aid of studio recording. Listening to who know the group's work will not be surprised to learn that the performances are stylish and argue plausibly for the reconstruction attempt. Only time will tell whether the concertos become more popular in this form than in the harpsichord version which have gone down in us. I imagine that keyboard players will not give up the big D minor concerto at least without a struggle.

Violinists who record a series of Mozart piano concertos are inevitable self-tormentors. The pianist who has to participate musically or sympathetically in the marvellous genre of music will be careful not to betray himself except in an ceremonial concert performance. My own current favourite series of Mozart concertos recordings is the one in progress by Philips, involving the pianist Alfred Brendel and Murray Perahia's Academy of St Martin in the Fields. Although the process of having the pianist as his own earliest disciple can make an astonishing effect in a concert I am not sure there is much point in doing it on a recording. There are always small improvements of shading and general ensemble, as can be heard on the latest disc in the Mozart concertos with an audience by Murray Perahia and the English Chamber Orchestra.

The two concertos are the celebrated D minor, K467 and the smaller scale one in F major, K413. I think a conductor would have made sure that the orchestra characterised the long opening bars in the D minor concerto more effectively. The pianist follows Perahia very well, but there are passages where, with the bass well in the world, they are not quite together. Alfred Brendel's own piano playing does need no reservations at all. He is clearly among the best and most suitable pianists who have ever attempted a Mozart concerto cycle. I find him far superior to Harnoncourt's often mannered performances and comparable with, though different in style from, the work of Alfred Brendel in the Philips series. A particularly magical moment on this disc is the slow movement of the F major concerto 8443. Perahia takes it slower than usual, and the tempo works boundlessly. It is a particularly memorable passage in a record which will give pleasure to Mozart-lovers.

It may well be that records will be the last refuge of the traditional lieder recital. This is a genre perceptibly dying in the

concert hall, not for lacking of any intrinsic quality in the music but because the social assumptions of concert going have changed. Some songs in the lieder tradition can be readily understood and enjoyed in every sense of the word by all listeners. Others do need extraordinarily close attention to the text and to the subtleties of the composer's technique of it. As the central part of the lieder tradition is, as its name implies, in German this means that many who have attended lieder recitals have had in their part of the enjoyment which ought to be theirs. At one time the attitude to the concert hall tradition in our community was such that some concertgoers might have felt a certain snobism in looking forward to a lieder recital. I think that kind of snob church-going attitude has gradually weakened in the last few years. This is not to denigrate lieder in themselves, merely to recognise that they constitute a particularly amateur art for which some of our larger halls are totally unsuitable and also to admit that there has been in the past an element of pretension in the attitude of some singers and some listeners. The songs or the best of them, are too good to loan and recording offers an opportunity for listeners to study them and enjoy them at length with an opportunity to repeat an unfamiliar song until it becomes familiar and with no obstacles to reading a translation of the text or parallel with the original in a walk-in room without disturbing anybody else. The Dutch singer Elly Ameling has been particularly active in recording lieder of various kinds for Philips, usually in cooperation with that most experienced and adaptable accompanist, Dulces Barbara.

Their disc of Romantic Lieder (Philips 8400 030) is an appealing anthology which includes some well-known songs (Schubert's "Dances" and "The Mai Tree", Hugo Wolf's "The Gardener" and Richard Strauss's "Serenade"), among them but uses as period title to exclude the work of a few less familiar composers such as Max Reger, Robert Fuchs and Hans Pfitzner. Schubert, Brahms and Carl Loewe are also represented on a disc offering an outstanding recording of songs which have clearly been chosen for their intrinsic appeal and which would be an illuminating introduction to a whole genre of music at the same time as it is likely to be welcomed by a person with a well-arranged record library. The recording is outstandingly good. Elly Ameling has a cool purity of style which never will offend the kind of coyness and fussiness which have become drawbacks of over-didged lieder performances. The songs are all in German but there is a well printed leaflet with parallel translations enclosed in the sleeve.



Sixteen new Australasian plays

Laura Bell: *Dressing* (Playfish Press). Two *One Act Plays For Friends* (Playfish Press). Helen Harries: *The Auton of a Bridge* (Playfish Press). Steven Denyer and Ian Cormack: *Alas of Steel* (Playfish Press). Bill Wallace: *Castaway* (Edward Arnold). Gill Boyd: *Cow Doctor* (Barney Edward Arnold). Bruce Mason: *The Pohutukawa Tree* (Puffin Press Worldwide). Bruce Mason: *The End of the Golden Weather* (Puffin Press Worldwide). Bruce McMillan: *The Two Tigers* (Puffin Press Worldwide). Roger Hall: *Cloud Nine* (Puffin Worldwide, VUP Currency Press).

Queensland don't seem to travel well.

Travelling, actually is set in New South Wales — a rather haphazard small town drama which achieves some power through the sad execution of a bittersy romantic love with the usual complement of madness and passion. As a typical of this sort of play all the action takes place offstage, but the births, marriages and deaths attendant on the plot are announced by haughty women who show a surprise at their peers of never not shared by the audience or reader. Two *One Act Plays For Friends* (See Hamilton's *Vacancy* and Paul Collings' *Chipping*) give an alarming insight into Queensland play festivals. They are both very heavy and rather obscure in intention — persons run deep in the Sunshine State. Helen Harries' *The Auton of a Bridge* is an odd play redeemed by a marvellous sense of place. It is set in an old warehouse, down by a river, floating on the trunk of a Dantinger pig. The play is called an "anti-thesis" — apparently because you never find out what it's all about. The characters are all very unpleasant, but there's only one reader: finally Iona Playfish, and most successfully, in *Alas of Steel* by Steven Denyer and Ian Cormack — a "magical" speech about all about Separation. It has a cast of thousands and a million awful old jokes such as are loved by schoolkids and, indeed, that however it has boundless energy and I hope a school near me does it soon.

Edward Arnold has edited a series called "Menzies New Plays", edited by Mary Lind. *All Shook Up*: a coroner who becomes the mistress of Dr Avey Westworth on the day out, and gives birth to the first WC (Westworth). That part of the action is curiously unengaged by the "writers" who try to discuss the psychological motivation of the characters in a rather contrived "intellectual". The play is an attempt to have an humanist romance as well as a bit of psychological and sociological comment without having to mix it together. In *Cow Doctor* (Gill Boyd) a woman who has been married to a cow for ten years seems to have had more playwrights per head of population than any other state, but they have had little impact south of the border. Laura Bell's *Dressing* had a production in Sydney recently but in general plays from

received attention in Sydney and Melbourne last year for its lively beginning, but without the delights of that production it is hard to see why the play was written. Mason, the suffering artist with nothing to say, could very well have written the play himself. The reading is a complete rip-off ("I am no prophet come to tell you all"). *The Man of Respect* is an Ecstasia with modern Southern Australian, the mafia providing the blood. As with many other modern writings of Gough Mason the action is determined not by life but by driving passions explained psychologically. Ecstasia naturally loves her dad. *Castaway* contains three plays by Karl Horstman, and as published by the author. It seems unlikely that they will ever be produced, except perhaps the short play, *Castaway*. The first, *Respect*, for religious cults for a novice with three consecutive sections which rise to form a giant rose shaped mountain, the whole of which takes off like a rocket ship at the end of the play. Mr Horstman has some talent but his humour is coy and aggravating and his concern on predilection prohibitive.

It is with relief that one turns to four volumes of New Zealand plays, published by Puffin Worldwide and distributed in the country by Currency Press. Bruce Mason's *The Pohutukawa Tree* was first produced there in 1957 and has since become a classic of New Zealand drama. Its subject is as old as the hills and as impressive. The dignity of the old Maori queen Apia and her refusal to bow to the Western influences that have subjugated the rest of her people are very uplifting. The same author's *The End of the Golden Weather* is a prose narrative about his childhood which he has performed over five hundred times as a dramatic monologue. The writing is a little rich in parts, but the central image — that summer is not just a season but a state of mind — is powerful and the pace rarely makes a childhood in a small New Zealand coastal town.

The *Two Tigers* of Brian McMillan play are, Katherine Mansfield and John Middleton Murray. The story of their love and separation is told skilfully, elegantly and with great feeling. The Europe of the beginning of this century which attracted so many Australian and New Zealanders is still food for fantasy for us all.

Roger Hall's *Globe Trot* is a clever and very funny bureaucratic comedy about life in the Public Service. It is full of topical New Zealand pokes but could do as well here as it has apparently done there where it has been "one of the most exciting phenomena in New Zealand theatre history". If we continue to import plays from overseas we could do worse than import some of those four. New Zealand is not so far away.

Reviewed by John McCallum, University of Queensland

Bruce Mason's The Pohutukawa Tree



When sixteen new plays from Australia and New Zealand come up for review in one month, then either the review is very hasty indeed, or the mud at the bottom of the pond has been stirred too deeply by enthusiastic publishers. It is a pity that so many of these plays are bad. What we have here, mostly, is interesting new plays.

Playfish Press is a branch of the Queensland Playwrights' Laboratory, and has just published its first four volumes, under the editorship of Rodney H. Lunn. Queensland for years seems to have had more playwrights per head of population than any other state, but they have had little impact south of the border. Laura Bell's *Dressing* had a production in Sydney recently but in general plays from

GUIDE

A.C.T.

CANBERRA THEATRE (06) 2400
Dancer Company of New South Wales
Prices: Sep 3-16

CANBERRA THEATRE PINTER (06) 24000
Portrait Theatre Company
The Conversation by Philip Roth
Sep 11-13
Nighthawks and *Death of a Salesman*
Sep 14-22
Death and The Education of Alice, Opera by
Howard Da Silva, Director, Pam Rosenberg
Sep 21-23

CHILDERS STREET HALL

Centres Children's Theatre (07) 4787111
Winter The Fox adapted by the company from
the book by A. A. Milne. Director, Carol
Woodrow Sep 1, 2, 4-7

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE WORKSHOP/
STAGE (08) 53480
The Seven Deaths by George Denari. Director,
Warwick Bassett Sep 4-7 11-14

PLAYHOUSE (08) 77000
Playwright Roger Hall. Director John Taylor
Sep 19-Oct 11

THEATRE (08) 4223

Centres Repertory Society
Assault Victim Scenario by Alan Apthorpe
Director, Michael Lachovsky. Design, Russell
Brown Sep 6-23. Wednesdays to Saturday

TIVOLI THEATRE RESTAURANT (09) 54010
Broadbeach Cnr
Prologues and Satiredays (contemporary)
For details contact Marguerite Wells on
41 2182

NEW SOUTH WALES

ACTORS'COMPANY (08) 2300

The Assassins by David Williamson, directed by
Michael Hall, in repertory with *Hollow's a
Jester* by William Keenly, directed by
Steve Andrew (Sep 21).
An Evening with Adolf Hitler by Jennifer
Compton and Matthew O'Sullivan, directed by
Matthew O'Sullivan (from Sep 19).

ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW SOUTH WALES
(03) 661111

Schools Tours
Branding Pioneers Metropolitans area from
Sep 11
An Actor's Guide Metropolitans area from
Sep 11
Our Disobedient Red Pepper Workshop North
coast area from Sep 11
Wayne Sleeps Broken Hill metropolitan
North west and Hunter areas from Sep 11
Dancer Concert Recreations from Sep 11

Also House full singer guitars South Coast
from Sep 11

Rock Ensemble magenta, rockabilly, poppers
Western New South Wales area from Sep 11

AUSTRALIAN THEATRE FOR YOUTH-
PEOPLES (09) 50321
Breakfast Workshops — Friday nights, Picnic

Theatre from 6pm to 9pm
Services Morning Workshops — National
Institute of Dramatic Art from 10am to 1pm
(Sep 11-12, 14-15)

AUSTRALIAN OPERA (08) 000
Opera Theatre, Sydney Opera House
La Traviata (Puccini), *Messengers* by
Norman Mailer (Wagner), *Le Bohème* (Puccini)

ENSEMBLE THEATRE (08) 000
Death of Gail by John Saxon, directed by
Haydn Gaskin throughout Sep

FRANK STRAYHORN (08) 21 48271
Music of Broadway with Neal Buckley, Ruth
Burrell, John Fullerton, Ned Rylance and Alice
Norman, directed by Frank Strayhorn
choreographed by George Gordon Lippmann

GENESIS THEATRE (02) 8024
The Alpine Phoenix by Henry James directed by
Ray Attwells throughout Sep

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE (02) 5411111
Death directed by Sir Robert Helpmann
starring John Wayne (continuing)

KIRK GALLERT (08) 77000
Castles By Brian Friel with Margaret Roberts
Geoff United, Andrea Hartnett, Gary Oldman,
Jane Hazlegrove and Ann Hawkin. Presented by
Five Below Theatre. To Sep 17

MARIAN STREET (08) 33000
Cloud Nine (Sep 11) adapted from the French
by Jack Woodward and Willy Gilbert, directed
by Brian Large. To Sep 9
The Beauty of the Coriolans by Ivan Arustich,
directed by Sean Young. From Sep 10

MARIONETTE THEATRE OF AUSTRALIA (02) 717 2000
Music Room, System Open House
The Major Rogers and *Sir George and the
Dragon* with a special appearance of Bill
Moseley performed by the Norman
Hethcote/Peggy Teale

MUSIC HALL THEATRE RESTAURANT (08) 4223
Created by Bruce weeps and directed by
Michael Boddy (continuing)

MUSIC LOFT THEATRE (02) 8242424
Shows a musical revue starring the Toppette
family and Lee Young (continuing)

NEW THEATRE (08) 33000
Forsyth, by Maxine Cooper directed by Karen
Jackson throughout Sep

NUMBER ONE THEATRE (09) 30811
Metamorphosis by Franz Kafka adapted for the
stage, directed and designed by Steven Brattell
costume designer Silvana Amoruso, music by
Nicholas Lyon with Ralph Carruth, Richard
Collier, Margaret Carreiro, Anna Potts, and
George Stennett. To Oct 8

OLD NOTE (08) 61221
Opera Theatre
Midsummer by Noel Coward directed by Ted
Coog, with Barbara Kennedy, David Headham,
Jon Hammerton, Steve Warwick, Russell Pold
Suzanne Rydman, Barry Otto, Judy Ross and
Conrad Hobbs. To Sep 1

THE HIGH (08) 61221
The High of the Opera by Tennessee

Williams directed by Ted Coog, with Ronald
Falk, Judi Farr, Maggie Kirkpatrick, Max
Phipps, Lynne Murphy and Lorrie Leyden.
designed by James McEwan
Paradise Theatre

The American Plan to Get It by Austin Tolson
directed by Peter Collingwood, with Dennis
Dowd, Roger Hughe, Geoff Keith and Colin
McHugh. To Sep 12

ORANGE CITY THEATRE (02) 15111

Centres Children's Theatre
Watusi The Fox adapted by the company from
the book by A. A. Milne. Director, Carol
Woodrow. Sep 13-16

PARIS THEATRE (01) 918111

Woman by Louis Nerval directed by Ken
Crampton with Kate Faughnan and John
Gatton

Q THEATRE (08) 0472 21 5122

Entertainment by Sean O'Brien directed by
Richard Head. Picnic Sep 14-16

SEYMOUR CENTRE (03) 4555551

York Theatre
Crown Abandonment written by Roger Ryan,
directed by Peter Williams, with Jim Belcher as
Queen Mary, and John Neville as Edward
VIII. To Sep 9

King Lear by William Shakespeare starring The
Queensland Theatre Company, with special
guest artist Warren Mitchell. From Sep 11
Queensland Theatre

Recess by Alan Burns and Charles Marlowe
directed by Alan Raynor with the City Road
Youth Theatre. Four performances on Sep 11-12

The National Drama is Peter Cowell
directed by Ken Crampton, with the Sydney
University Theatre Workshop and French
Department. From Sep 11

SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE (02) 5555551

Entertainers Hall
Lo Studio di Giacomo Esteban. Throughout
Sep

THEATRE ROYAL (02) 6111111

The Club by David Williamson, with Ron
Hinchcliff, Jeff Ashby, Ben Cutham, Barry
Lown, Drew Forsythe, Ben Kaine. From Sep 11

WHITE HORSE HOTEL, Narrabeen (02) 53000
Grotto dinner and directed by Ian Thirkell,
written by Peter Stephen. Throughout Aug
For information Cindy Baker on 457 1200

QUEENSLAND

BRISBANE ARTS THEATRE (04) 23244
Madame de Staél by Agatha Christie directed
by Jason Swain. To Sep 9

Blithe by Simon Gray, directed by Ian
Thirkell. From Sep 14

Children's Theatre, Kinder der Klangspiele. Re-
written and directed by Eugene Holden. From
Sep 12

CAMERATA (07) 6561111

At University of Queensland by the links
Copies at Customer by Septembre, directed by
Donald Beddoe

LADY IN THE DARK

John from the House Mouth by Colin van Horwijk directed by Rod Walker To Sep 16
Ring My Bell by Karen J. Speare directed by Steve Mcleod Open Sep 21

POPULAR THEATRE TRAVEL (03 9702 0670)
Curriculum project on *Holdfast* culminating in a Grand Opening Concert for Warriewood and Qld Festival of the Arts in King George Square Sep 20

Films and shows at 40 Waterworks Road, Red Hill Sep 18-19
General programme in schools visits.
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QUEENSLAND ARTS COUNCIL (07 329800)
What the Billy Built with Leonard Teale as host
Plus Arthur Hunter Recital Brisbane City Hall Sep 20 and Townsville Civic Theatre Sep 21
For details contact 07 32980000

Watch by Tony Miller produced by Queensland Theatre Co directed by Terry Clarke On tour
Queensland State Library on tour

QUEENSLAND FESTIVAL OF THE ARTS (13 280000)
Sep 17 Oct 8

QUEENSLAND THEATRE COMPANY (07 557757)
My First by Pamela White directed by Bill Redmond directed by Peter Doyle with John Kavanagh Douglas Hodge and Kate Steel To Sep 1
The Cherry Orchard by Anton Chekhov directed by Lee MacPherson directed by Peter Kelly with John Kavanagh From Sep 20

ST JOHN'S CATHEDRAL
The Arrest of Jesus staged and directed by Peter Ashton music by Paul Gibbs From Sep 23

TWELFTH NIGHT (02 55881888)
By Ben Jonson directed by Bill Redmond directed by Mike Bridges From Sep 21
For details contact Dan Director on 099-0997

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

GLOBAL THEATRE

Box Factory play by Arnold Sep 18-23
With 18 Performers The Box Factory Show a cabaret touring Sep 20, Nov

Q THEATRE (03 956331)
With the Company Players Bananafish Art Fair by Leonard Ginder Directed by Shirley Nock Sep 9 Oct 1

STATE OPERA (03 66161616)
Le Rondin by Paisini in English To Sep 3

STATE THEATRE OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA (08 815151)

Playhouse After Dark by Michael Dean directed by Colin George To Sep 2
A Moment of French Mystery by Clemenceau directed by Colin George Sep 9-11
Directed by Tom Atkinson by Colleen From Sep 23

TRICLOS
Galaxy Theatre A Secret of the Dragonfly by Jack Hibberd directed by David Alton with Kevin Callahan Sep 3-14
Red Steel Boxes in Our Senses by Steven Lai directed by David Alton From Sep 21
For details contact Chris Johnson 02 8741970

TASMANIA

SALAMANCA THEATRE COMPANY

(03 51599)
Touring drama in education
Touring USA and Australia Sep

TAHITIAN PUPPET THEATRE (03 51599)
Tahiti Adams's *Aloha Nostalgia Show* Golden Nugget Show North Wind and the Star Big Blue Moon Shows

The Space Adelaidie To Sep 9 Lisa Langs Theatre Restaurant Melbourne Sep 14 Oct 17

THEATRE BOTANIQUE (03 51599)
Children's Programme Five Places, Five Tales Oct 1-7

A Playful Tales with Five Tales and House Jaques Sep 13-23
For details contact the editorial office on 03 51599700

VICTORIA

ALEXANDER THEATRE

(03 9402 9016)
Summer Salute Plays Sep 14-21

ARENA CIRQUE/ARTS THEATRE (03 9402 9016)
Play in Performance lower primary, Early theatre primary, Circus Arts Meeting imagination and creativity school CAT CALL Taster sessions for schools groups & adults

BOW THEATRE education program —
1. History of Musical plays in grade 2
2. Once Upon a Time grade 2-6
3. Touch and Go grade 3-6
4. State Standard and Bell ages 10-14
5. ST Summer Activity Theatre (one weekender chosen experience)
Saturday Matinees, every Sat For all ages Matinee

AUSTRALIAN PERFORMANCE GROUP
PRIM FACTOR (03 94711122)

From Theatre Festival Hosted by Barry Dickson Aug 13 Sep 17
Division of the Atom by Phil Morewood, Directed by Russell Marples Sep 27 Oct 19
Rock Theory The Music Power of Rock For Ages Aug 1 Sep 3

Season of Horror Film Sep 19-24
Power by Julian Ashton Sep 25 Oct 15
(Comedy)

FESTIVAL THEATRE (03 442614)

Camberwell, see Theatre
Applause by Clemenceau and Garry Moore in Session A Adams, director Peter Takach, touring Victoria Feb 18-19, 11-13 pm

FLYING TRAPEZE CAFE (03 317212)
To be announced

FORBES Theatre Restaurant (03 2990)
Original comedy entertainment directed by Rod Quirk with Mary Kennedy, Steve Micallef, and Tony Richard.

HOPKIN THEATRE FOUNDATION (03 514514)

Playbox, Thomas Perrette in Captain Gataca, director Michael Morris

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE

After Anthony Her new show Sep 14-16
Barry Humphries At His Age? Barry Humphries From Sep 17

CONFIDY THEATRE (03 51511515)

As If A Picture As We Age? Barry Humphries To Sep 16
The Miners Dennis Ober and Paul Brandt From Sep 17

LAST LAUGH THEATRE RESTAURANT

(03 51599)

Miles Party Playhouse a night of live burlesque and comedy Director John O'Reilly, choreographer Karen Johnson with The Cocktails

LA MARTINI (03 9511 1342) 0800 51599
A series of weekend events produced by Lynell Rose, Andrew and Connie Connell, Ben Conner and friends, Jason Clayton and friends Chris Freeman.

Whisper Sunday at 11pm For details see Melbourne Town weekly

MELBOURNE THEATRE COMPANY (03 440000)
Raoul Servi Theatre Tributary production of Greg Calleja's *Anthony Castello* (Classical)

Just Between Characters by Alan Archibald, starring Mark Rodger, director, Ian Langford, with 1 song 4 arras, John Somerville, Dennis Ober and Mary Ward To Sep 5
Gone with the Wind by David Alton From Sep 11
Australian Theatre For Parsons of the Western World To 11-14 Songs directed by Ray Lawler, director, Tony Tropo with Edith Holopman and Mary Wild and company To Sep 7
Under Milkwood by Dylan Thomas director, Mark Rodger From Sep 7

After Saturday Morning Club, and Curious Up

PALIAH THEATRE (03 98151515)
Australian Ballet Australian Angels The Farm New Afrika, Black Sep 13-19
La Pia Mal Genda Sep 21-27

PIGRIM PUPPET THEATRE (03 94453535)
The Tale of Mr Fox by Bruce Purdie, director, Sam Lipman

POLYGLOT PUPPETS (03 91121212)
Mid-Harbour puppet theatre, with Moog the Cat and Friends, Young adults and community centre

PRINCESS THEATRE (03 27229911)

American Dance Theatre To Sep 3

TEAK AND ROBINS Theatre Lounge (03 51511514)
Old Time Music With Teak and John Norman, Myrtle Roberts and Vic Corlett

VICTORIAN STATE OPERA (03 56111611)
Contemporary Music Theatre Series, Playbox Theatre Sep 7, 8, 11, 12, 13, 16
These new works by Australian composers and writers

Eliza Privacy Lamp — music by Peter Southgate text by Barbara Stackhouse
An Anatomy of Love, Anatomies — music by Harry Corigliano, text by Michael Cappello

Six — an Intimate Faust or Seven Deadly Sins and Eight more — music by Marion Dewitt, text by Rob Hobson
Lyric Baroque, Jan Frost, Prairie Ashleigh, The Coopers, Maria Nazario, Graeme Bell Conducted by Richard Dowd, Producer, Jim Sappington and Paul Hampton, director, Henry Smith
Schools, program touring And the Biggest Kid Roared to Sing by Malcolm Fox, director, Gary Dakin, choreographer Barry Ponder with Ian Long, Robyn Arthur, Tom Arkell, and Ivan Zuckerman

Major Amateur Companies Please contact state theatres in the evenings for details of current productions

HELDERBERG REPERTORY (03 51599)

MAUVILLE THEATRE COMPANY (03 51599)

0800 51599

PUMPKIN THEATRE (03 95111313)

RED THEATRE Persepolis Gala (1996-2001)
For details contact Les Cunningham on 031 7777

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

CIVIC THEATRE RESTAURANT (03) 35954

Laughter Unleashed! Directed by Bruce Smith

HOLE IN THE WALL (03) 2460

Women for Men — a play about Men, Women. Directed by John Milton, with Michaela Hay Sep 6-10

NATIONAL THEATRE (03) 35958

Playhouse: *Passion* by Colleen and Sullivan. Directed by John Milton Aug 24- Sep 2. *Antony & Cleopatra* Directed by Stephen Barry Sep 12- Oct 6.

Coriolanus Aug 29- Oct 1. *Twelfth Night* Directed by Stephen Barry

REGAL THEATRE (03) 35971

Dad, What's Up? and His Son Directed by Kenjiro Kaneko To Sep 9

WA BALLET COMPANY

Show country tour during Sep

WA OPERA COMPANY (03) 35954

Show country tour during Sep

For ticket contact *Box Office* on 35956278

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RIVERINA TRUCKING COMPANY

(069 23 2633)

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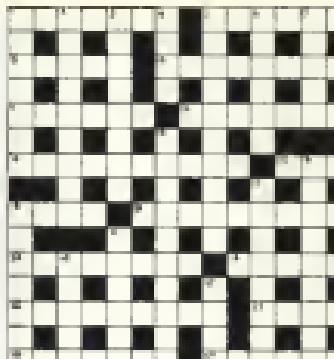
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THESPIA'S PRIZE CROSSWORD No. 3

Name _____

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Across

1. Dear DE, machine dreams control government (7)
2. Quilt and boudoirs, snoring pup (7)
3. "I will" sounds like the place where you say it (5)
4. Mountains you could have a meal on (4)
5. Eldest son to achieve anything (7-6)
12. Play more blithe in Hell (7-6)
14. What you are right now (4-6)
15. Teapot, god in Victorian importance, we hear (4)
16. Tax on money is a (6-6)
19. In King of France, character in a musical score piece here (6-6)
21. Six bats and butterflies (6)
24. A character for (4-6)
26. —, I found a room used story on repeat? (10)
27. "Helen with crystal — broken case" skins (Desire) (11)
28. One with per se status? (7)
29. One not charged for dress dresses (7)

Down

1. Female model with breasts and because mad (7)
2. Too far — a student and son (9)
3. Superior quality in pens/pens, not as roses (4)
4. Art in there at the beginning of the red (4)
5. Persian lady of song (10)
6. Painted birds items in health, fit
7. Cat between two people and run away (6)
8. In love to receive a present (7)
13. Deluge with violence in a status model and (11)
15. Where studies are best delivered from? (9)
17. Frame for refreshment and relief (7)
18. Disturbances in a committed decision (7)
20. Craftsman has a good performance (7)
21. Even was the type of king (6)
22. Men's and women's partner (9)
23. Barely 100 m from a volcano (10-6)
25. The last corner entry drawn on August 25th (10)
26. — will receive one year's subscription to T.A. (7)



Last month's answers